

LOAN DESK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

JOHN ST. JOHN
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PRINCIPAL FEATURES

	Page
BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE - - - - -	486
BEVERLEY NICHOLS AND THE BOOK SOCIETY - -	494
WINSTON CHURCHILL: PRELUDE TO ARMAGEDDON	488
HOWARD CARTER: TUTANKHAMEN'S COURT - -	490
ARGUMENT: EASY DIVORCE - - - - -	495

CONTENTS: The Week's Suggestions. Notes of the Week. Theatre. Films. New Novels. Reviews.
Correspondence. 'Saturday' Competitions—Literary, Cross Word, Acrostics. City.

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&
WINDUS



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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- WESTMINSTER.** *The Anatomist*, by James Bridie. (Victoria 0283.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- AMBASSADORS.** *The Queen's Husband*, by Robert Sherwood. (Temple Bar 1171.) 8.30. Tues. and Frid., 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- ROYALTY.** *The Immortal Lady*, by Clifford Bax. (Gerrard 2690.) 8.40. Thurs. and Sat., 2.40. Review next week.
- SAVILLE.** *For the Love of Mike*, by H. F. Maltby. (Temple Bar 4011.) 8.15. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.** *The Old Bachelor*, by Congreve. (Riverside 3012.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Adults (of all ages) Only!
- QUEEN'S.** *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, by Rudolf Besier. (Gerrard 9437.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- GLOBE.** *The Improper Duchess*, by J. B. Fagan. (Gerrard 8724.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- WYNDHAM'S.** *The Frightened Lady*, by Edgar Wallace. (Temple Bar 3028.) 8.15. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. I repeat: by Edgar Wallace.
- HIS MAJESTY'S.** *The Good Companions*, by J. B. Priestley and Edward Knoblock. (Gerrard 0606.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. A spectacular and ingenious dramatization of the famous novel.
- STRAND.** *Counsel's Opinion*, by Gilbert Wakefield. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Isabel Jeans, Owen Nares, Allan Aynesworth, Morton Selton.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- Personal Letters of King Edward VII.* Edited by Lt.-Col. J. P. C. Sewell, C.M.G., D.S.O. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.
- Memoirs of a Soldier of Fortune.* By R. de Nogaes. Wright & Brown. 21s.
- Studies in Modern History.* By G. B. Gooch. Longmans. 10s.
- Science and Human Experience.* By H. Dingle. Williams & Norgate. 6s.
- Scott in Sunshine and Shadow.* By W. Forbes Gray. Methuen. 12s. 6d.
- Trial of James Stewart.* Edited by D. H. Mackay. William Hodge. 10s. 6d.
- Lord Cave: A Memoir.* By Sir Charles Mallet. Murray. 15s.
- Egyptian Religion.* By Alan W. Shorter. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.
- Digression.* By John Gane Barrow. Skeffington. 10s. 6d.

NOVELS

- Roots.* By Naomi Jacob. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- The Old People.* By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d.
- Young English.* By A. Scott Daniell. Cape. 7s. 6d.
- A Whip for the Woman.* By Ralph Straus. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
- Forsaken.* By Stephen Bowen. Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE NEW GALLERY.** *Hindle Wakes.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE PLAZA.** *Silence.* This picture is directed by the same people who were responsible for 'The Lawyer's Secret.' Once more Clive Brook is put in the position of having to hold his tongue. A barely credible crook story; excellently produced and photographed.
- THE ACADEMY.** *Turksib.* Revival of this magnificent silent picture directed by Turin. The ever-green 'Vaudeville' is also in the programme. Next week the new Russian film will be shown, 'The Blue Express.'
- THE DOMINION.** *The Unholy Garden.* Ronald Colman's new picture; will be criticized next week.
- THE TIVOLI.** *Merely Mary Ann.* Only for lovers of Janet Gaynor.
- THE CARLTON.** *Monkey Business.* This hour and a half of nonsense is still drawing packed houses.

GENERAL RELEASES

- Trader Horn.* This picture has been praised as one of the great films of the year. Full of magnificent photography and plenty of thrills, but there is also some double printing and the story is banal.
- The Skin Game.* Alfred Hitchcock's direction of Mr. Galsworthy's play. There are some good things in it, especially the performance of Edward Chapman.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- NATIONAL** (261, 301 and 1,554 metres):
- Monday, October 19, 6.50 p.m.** Miss V. Sackville-West will give the weekly talk on 'New Books.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Professor Arnold Plant on 'Capital.'
- Tuesday, October 20, 8.30 p.m.** The Hon. Harold Nicolson, C.M.G., will deal with 'Changes in Taste.'
- 9.20 p.m.** 'The General Election'—a political speech by The Rt. Hon. William Graham.
- Wednesday, October 21, 6.50 p.m.** Mr. James Agate, 'Plays and the Theatre.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Professor H. Levy, D.Sc., 'Science—behind the Scenes.'
- 9.5 p.m.** 'The General Election'—a political speech by The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel.
- Thursday, October 22, 7.30 p.m.** Mr. Leonard Woolf, 'Can Democracy Survive?'
- 9.20 p.m.** 'The General Election'—a political speech by The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin.
- Friday, October 23, 6.50 p.m.** Mr. Francis Birrell, 'The Cinema.'
- 7.10 p.m.** Mr. Gerald Heard, 'This Surprising World.'
- 9.20 p.m.** 'The General Election'—a political speech by The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson.
- Saturday, October 24, 6.50 p.m.** Mr. C. H. Middleton will give a talk on 'The Week in the Garden.'
- 7.10 p.m.** Mr. A. P. L. Gordon, 'The World of Business.'
- 9.20 p.m.** 'The General Election'—a political speech by The Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald.
- 9.40 p.m.** Mr. Edgar Wallace, 'A Sooper Story.'

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE election campaign has opened, but the barrage of oratory will not be at the full till next week. This week, it is true, there have been meetings and speeches in plenty, but the real interest has been behind the scenes, where negotiations have been proceeding apace for withdrawal of candidates to prevent three-cornered contests. A few awkward cases remain to be dealt with, but in most places a friendly accommodation has been achieved.

The real problem has been, as usual, the Liberal Party, or rather Parties. By my reckoning there are now three Liberal Parties—Simonites, Samuelites, and Lloyd Georgeites—but I willingly credit the belief of the *Manchester Guardian* that they may be four Liberal Parties; one of the splinters may have escaped the Tory eye. The Simonites, of course, support the National Government; the Samuelites claim a free hand, either to shake or to refuse to shake the free hand of the National Government. But the Lloyd Georgeites, where are they?

The George-Muir Contradiction

At the moment there is more interest in their finance than their policy, and their finance has been complicated by the publication of private letters and the public reversal of secret engagements. The Lloyd George Party fund, which was to be freely available to every authentic Liberal candidate, seems to have been suddenly immobilized (like Barkis's chest) under the invalid's bed at Churt, with the result that Liberal headquarters have been made to look ridiculous.

Mr. Ramsay Muir, it is understood, was definitely authorized to make arrangements to fight (and finance the fighting of) certain seats. A week later, when the arrangements were in process of being made, the promise of supplies was withdrawn, and the candidates and organization were left in the air. Hence the private letter and the public confusion. Now, however, some wealthy Liberals seem to have opened their purse-strings, the headquarters staff functions once more, and the carpet-baggers are released from the bag.

These sudden reversals of front can hardly have done the Liberal Party any good in the constituencies, and they have subjected Mr. Ramsay Muir to a good deal of adverse comment, especially in the Liberal Press. It is natural to assume that Mr. Muir, being a professor, is like a fish out of water in politics, and has muddled his part; but after a careful reading of the correspondence and the comments, I am convinced that the real blame for these gyrations lies elsewhere.

Mr. Muir seems to have been placed in an almost intolerable position as organizer, and to have acted throughout courageously and honourably in what he held to be the best interests of what remains of his party. I disagree with his policy, and I think the influence of his section is likely to be mischievous, both in the campaign and in the next Parliament, but it is only fair to place on record that it is not he who has let his show down, but

others who have let him down. The criticism which the Liberal Press has passed on him seems to have been made in ignorance of the difficulties he had to face.

Unstuck Labels

A Frenchman of my acquaintance expresses the hope that the same state of affairs will not arise in this country as developed in France after the elections of 1928. An overwhelming majority of deputies were returned as supporters of M. Poincaré, but the Chamber had hardly met before it became obvious that a good many of them had only adopted that label to secure election, and it was not long before they began to intrigue against the man whom they were returned to support.

Much the same thing, it will be remembered, happened here in 1918, when not a few of those who received the coupon as Coalition Liberals subsequently passed into the Asquithian camp. In these circumstances, I for one shall be doubtful about the prospects of the National Government unless there is a Conservative majority over all parties combined. The issues are too serious for any administration to be able to live by snatching a majority now from the Right and now from the Left.

The New Party

Candidly I cannot make out what the New Party wants. Journalistically I welcome my contemporary, *Action*, which some wag called Delayed Action, on account of numerous postponements. But the party's programme is like a sheet of blotting-paper—it takes the impression only, and blurs it. Its champions remind me of a bill at the old Coliseum, or an evening's entertainment at the National Sporting Club. Mosley strong-in-the-arm is all very well once in a way. But Parnassus is hardly Olympia, unless St. Stephen's is to be a changing-room for Stamford Bridge.

The Teachers' Salary-cut

Now that the 10 per cent. cut is enforced, some teachers have turned from revolt, which lost them public confidence, to political agitation. It may be just as well, therefore, to state categorically that the County Councils Association, to which Labour-run Councils are duly affiliated, in giving notice last March to terminate the Burnham scales in March, 1932 (the Councils paying part of the salaries), agreed, after much consideration, to ask for an overall cut of 15 per cent. They asked so much in the confident belief that arbitration or agreement, under the then Socialist Minister, of course, would award these public authorities not less in any event than $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. reduction, probably 10 per cent., and perhaps even more.

Irish Troubles

The Irish Free State is passing through difficult times, though they are not so difficult as some of those who wish it ill would have us believe. The cause of the unrest is two-fold, the lack of employment at home and the cessation of emigration. The

result of this is that there are a number of young people with little to do, and they are an easy prey for the agitator. So far there has been no serious trouble, but President Cosgrave is leaving nothing to chance.

Unfortunately, Mr. De Valera is so devoid of public spirit that he will not associate himself with any effort to enforce law and order, and, like Mr. Henderson on this side of St. George's Channel, he is not above utilizing the forces of revolution for his own ends. Unless the Government gets its own way it will dissolve the Dail, though the result of an appeal to the country at the present moment is not easy to foresee, and it is to be hoped that this may be avoided.

In any event excessive pessimism is to be deprecated. Not only is President Cosgrave one of the strongest men in the Empire, but there are no large industrial centres in Ireland to serve as a focus of discontent. A nation of peasant proprietors is not naturally prone to revolution; and the present trouble is a legacy from the past so far as its political manifestations are concerned. A certain section of the English Press would do well to bear these facts in mind, for it is doing a disservice to the Empire by magnifying every crime that is perpetrated in the Irish Free State.

Manchuria

China and Japan are already virtually at war, and the temper in both countries so hot that compromise is impossible. Japan will naught of the League, and the Chinese Nationalists have sent an ultimatum to Tokyo from which retreat would only be possible with unendurable loss of "face." Autonomists in Manchuria, who have cast off Governor Chang Hsueh-liang and talk of an independent Manchurian republic, are an added cause of fury in China, especially as they appear to be encouraged by the Japanese military, who have bombed the new capital where Chang was preparing to resist his antagonists, and told him bluntly that he is *persona non grata* to them.

The independence of the Japanese generals, who do as they please, in spite of the Cabinet adjurations, has surprised those who had not realized the peculiarly privileged position that the Army holds in Japan. The generals are fully backed by public opinion; weeks before the seizure of Mukden, leading Japanese newspapers were prophesying, even pressing for war, and it is very doubtful whether all Baron Shidehara's liberalism would, in the long run, have been able to resist the tide of national feeling.

One serious aspect of the conflict is the accompanying rise in power of Canton and the wild men of the Left Wing, who are plainly controlling Nanking's policy. The question now is how far the Powers will acquiesce in Japan's dealing single-handed with China. The problems certain to arise will be beyond management by any Power alone. An International Commission for control in some form seems inevitable.

Decline of the Riviera

Traffic to the Riviera has fallen off so badly of late, and is so likely to fall off still more, that the hotel-keepers are in despair, and are tearfully

awaiting the day when, as they expect, the railway companies will announce the withdrawal of the Blue Train on account of lack of patronage. Then will the nakedness of the land be exposed indeed, and the luxury hotels be merely a melancholy collection of unoccupied bedrooms.

The Blue Train, as a fact, is very much the same as regards accommodation and comfort as any other sleeping-car train across Europe; but the fantastic prices charged—which were only exceeded, I believe, on the through P. & O. train from Marseilles—make it a symbol of the new rich to whom money does not matter. The standard load, I seem to remember, is seven coaches with seven passengers each; but it would be surprising to hear that it runs more than half full in these days. And at that it could hardly pay.

Continental Views of England

From friends who have come back from the Continent during the past fortnight, I have received startling news. Great Britain is said to be in the grip of Communists and revolutionaries. Vast processions of armed unemployed defy the police; there have been pitched battles in London and Glasgow; the insurgents are dominating the situation in these centres. Doubtless part of this nonsense is due to the uncensored imagination of the Foreign Correspondents of Continental newspapers, but more is deliberately put about by the Communists.

Let me give an example. There is in the East End of London a lawyer who looks after the interests of a large number of reputable men and women of foreign extraction. A few days ago he was approached by a little group of these people who came to know whether it was true that the Savings Bank and National Savings Certificates were no longer safe. Men and women whom they did not know had been among them advising them to get out while they could, because if they waited much longer their money would be lost. Are the authorities dealing too lightly with the Communist in our midst?

A correspondent writes to complain of the laziness of country banks, which only open at ten and close at 3 or 3.30; except, of course, on Saturday, when they shut at noon—in order, no doubt, to put tradesmen to the inconvenience and risk of holding cheques and cash in their tills over the week-end. These hours are frankly ridiculous; and there certainly seems something reasonable in the complaint that it should not be impossible for anybody leaving a small provincial town by train at, say, 9.30 to cash a cheque on his way to the station.

It may be, of course, that the country banker leads a life of such strain and stress that he requires as much sleep as a dormouse. All I can say is that I see no signs of it. He has no power to lend money without reference to head office, and it is not very exhausting to most of us simply to receive money and enter it in a book. Most country bankers seem to be free for a leisurely tea at four, and as they retire from this life of comparative leisure to one of complete leisure at sixty, I can only congratulate another sheltered trade on its good luck.

SLIPPERY SAM

THE events of the last few days have once more proved what every Conservative learnt during the Coalition: that there is a section of the Liberal Party which, however loudly its leaders may affirm the contrary, prefers the Left to the Right whenever it is called upon to make the choice. Of this body of Liberal opinion the mouthpiece to-day is Sir Herbert Samuel, Darwen's "Slippery Sam," who has done more than any living man to assist the Socialists to bring the country to its present pass, and who is now, with the assistance of Professor Ramsay Muir, while a member of the National Government, doing everything in his power to secure the return of such a majority to the House of Commons as shall most effectually prevent the Prime Minister from having that "free hand" for which he is appealing. If Sir Herbert Samuel had the courage of his convictions, he would long ago have thrown in his lot with Mr. Henderson, for every day that passes proves that Socialism is his spiritual home.

In these circumstances we are afraid that, like the sturdy Birmingham audience he was addressing, we cannot agree with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Baldwin. He declared that Conservative opposition to the candidature of Sir Herbert Samuel was to be deprecated on the score that it is not playing the game. We should have thought that even Mr. Baldwin would have realized that

with the Empire on the verge of bankruptcy, and with nearly three millions of our fellow-countrymen unemployed, politics is no longer a game. Furthermore, this election is a fight against Socialism and for Protection, and the man who for two years supported the one, and who still opposes the other, would not, one would imagine, have much to recommend him to the leader of the Conservative Party. If Mr. Baldwin's subsequent speeches are to be of the same nature as his opening utterance, we trust that, for the sake of those he leads, he will curtail his rhetorical activities till the polls are declared.

Either the Liberals are for us or against us in the struggle. Sir John Simon, Mr. Pybus and Mr. Hore-Belisha, with their followers, have placed, all honour to them, the national interest before any party shibboleths, but Sir Herbert Samuel is still trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Does he, or does he not, support the Premier's plea for a "doctor's mandate"? If he does, then he must be prepared to vote for a tariff; if he does not, then he has no right to masquerade as a supporter of the National Government. For our part, we wholeheartedly agree with Sir Henry Page Croft's denunciation of this "human eel," and we sincerely trust that the electors of Darwen will show their good sense by returning his Conservative opponent at the head of the poll.

A CREDITORS' MEETING

THE announcement that Signor Grandi, as well as M. Laval, has been invited to Washington is of more than passing interest, for it can have no other meaning but that the United States, France and Italy are to sit in judgment upon the rest of the world, Great Britain and Germany included. It is, indeed, an unfortunate fact that the maladministration of the late Socialist Government should have compelled this country to concentrate upon its domestic concerns to the exclusion of all else, and that at a peculiarly important moment in international affairs; but we would warn our friends and neighbours not to presume upon our difficulties, which, when all is said and done, may in the end turn out to be a good deal less serious than theirs. It is no concern of ours whom Mr. Hoover invites to Washington, but if his house party is to resolve itself into a creditors' meeting of the British Empire, then we would call his attention to one or two salient facts.

In the first place, many of our embarrassments are due to what has proved to be misplaced generosity towards France, for as the result of this the paradoxical situation has arisen of one country arranging to get a temporary credit from another which has recently been excused by the former a large part of a debt amounting to seven hundred millions. Had we acted towards France in the manner in which she has acted towards her debtors, our financial position would be very different from what it is. Then, again, the Treasury has made no effort to set off against the British debt to the United States the sums still

owing to this country by individual States of the Union, which, at compound interest for the greater part of a century, amount to no inconsiderable sum. We have no desire to make a parade of our virtues, but it would be as well if some of our critics would remove the beams from their own eyes before they call attention to the motes in ours.

The firm of John Bull and Company is not in liquidation, or anything approaching it. If Mr. Hoover has invited the representatives of France and Italy to Washington merely to find out their views on disarmament and reparations, so much the better, and if he also has in mind the conciliation of the Italian vote in view of the coming Presidential election, that is no business of this country, but, just as a century ago we refused to be answerable to the monarchs of the Holy Alliance, so to-day we are certainly not going to be accountable for our actions to an Areopagus of American and French bankers. Mr. Hoover must not take Mr. Henderson's denunciations of the Government too literally.

Finally, surely Geneva is the proper place for international discussions of this nature? It is true that the United States is not a member of the League, but that is her fault. We fail to see why European statesmen should have to go running to Washington solely because the United States will not join the organization which one of its own Presidents instituted for the very purpose for which M. Laval and Signor Grandi are now being put to the inconvenience of crossing the Atlantic.

BANKERS' RAMP OR LABOUR CANT?

THE Opposition have shown a certain tactical ingenuity in selecting the banks as the target of their attacks in the election campaign. The banks are not popular—it is not their business to be—and they have rather challenged public attention of recent years, both by the lavish display of new and obviously opulent buildings, and by the fact that they continue to pay relatively high dividends in bad times as in good. The idea of a “bankers’ ramp” is absurd, but as a political cry it may have points.

What actually is the case against the banks? The real indictment, we believe, rests on two grounds.

In the first place, it is common knowledge that when a private person or business requires an overdraft, the lodgment of securities—stock, certificates, mortgages on real estate, or life assurance policies—is demanded. No sensible person objects to this; the bank is not, after all, lending its own money, but that of other customers, and it is bound to ensure repayment. What has given the ordinary man pause is the fact that, while considerable care is taken to see that he does not overstep the mark, vast sums were loaned in the Hatry case on forged securities. No doubt the banks were deceived, but a little of the infallibility and omniscience which are so much in evidence in the banker’s parlour when Mr. Jones wants a thousand pounds advance to execute a profitable contract might have been devoted to a scrutiny of the million pounds advance in the Hatry affair.

In the second place, the banks have lent a great deal of money abroad, and they have got very little for their pains of late but frozen assets and a moratorium. Here, no doubt, their judgment went astray. The tradition of English banking is to finance the foreigner as well as the Englishman, on the doctrine that the export of capital means the import of interest and trade orders for British manufacturers. Before the war that doctrine was

soundly based on fact; but since the war the orders seem to have been lacking and the interest now remains unpaid. The banks have been caught napping.

That merely means, of course, that the banks are run by ordinary human beings of fallible judgment, and that the absurd claims sometimes made of supermen conducting the affairs of the Big Five need not be taken too seriously. They do their best according to their lights, and the real test of their ability is not the accusation that they make mistakes like the rest of us, but the reply that they continue to trade at a profit. When banks in almost every other country in the world are closing down, and spreading misery and distress among their depositors, it is at least a solid asset for this country that nobody really doubts the solidity and stability of its banks.

Would that solidity continue under a Labour Government? We doubt it for two reasons.

In the first place, a Labour Government in real and not merely in nominal power would make every man of property in the country nervous, and there would be a quiet but steady withdrawal of funds from their present reservoirs. The action might be reasonable or unreasonable, but it would happen.

In the second place, the Labour Opposition is talking of “nationalizing the banks.” It is difficult to attach a precise meaning to a phrase which every speaker uses in a different sense, but one thing at least is clear: If the banks were nationalized they would lose their independence of action, and, once under the control of the State, a Labour Government would be virtually compelled by its followers to apply their resources to public assistance. “Not a penny off the dole” would in effect mean “Not a penny in the banks” if a Socialist Cabinet wanted the money.

BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE

BY THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.*

THERE was never a time when clearer and more courageous thinking was needed. This particularly applies to the industrial situation of this country.

With the dense population of these islands, our national habits, difficult to throw off, and the standard of living which all classes will endeavour to maintain as long as possible, it is absurd to think that we can become a merely self-contained unit like France. We have not the area or the natural resources to become a great economic unit like the United States of America. The welding of the whole Empire into a zolverein will take time owing to economic nationalism—a centrifugal force—in the Dominions.

Our old role of industrial workshop of the world is becoming extinct with the industrialization of Europe and, still more menacing, of Asia. Nor can we rely on a thriving export trade in high-class goods, complicated machinery and fine luxury or semi-luxury articles, unless a great national effort at reconstruction is made. Our old position as a great banking and

investing nation and the world’s creditor will take a long time to regain.

It only shows a lack of courage to dodge the recognition of these facts. But this does not mean that we should give way to pessimism. Indeed, bold and clear-headed faith is needed.

We have many fine assets. One of the most astonishing phenomena was the spirit in which we accepted the abandonment of the gold parity of sterling. A few economists and politicians, even one or two bankers, have advocated a devaluation of the £ for some time; and a few prophets resisted the return to the gold standard in 1925.

Just before this vitally important step of “going off gold” was taken, the general public was led to believe by every means of publicity and propaganda that the abandonment of the gold standard would be

* We print this as an analysis from the Labour point of view, without necessarily agreeing with the author’s conclusions.

the end of everything, and that we should rattle down into bankruptcy and revolution as Germany has done. Yet when the dreadful thing happened, a note of courage was sounded in the Press and brought a response from the whole public. It was just as if in the Great War our armies in Europe had been overwhelmed and forced to surrender and the whole country had declared that this was a blessing in disguise, and that we could now concentrate on fighting the war at sea.

We still have immense assets and a great opportunity. Actually the position of Great Britain is far stronger than the United States of America, which are facing a winter of poverty and distress far deeper and more bitter than anything we in Britain are likely to experience. But the Americans have got into such a habit of self-boasting, and "knockers," as they are called, are so unpopular that the world generally still takes the American at his own valuation. Despite a huge deficit in the American Federal Budget, and an adverse trade balance, Yankee credit is good.

Again, in Germany the situation is far more serious than in this country. In February next the moratorium, granted to Germany for external payments, will come to an end. Far-sighted Frenchmen have no illusions about the weakness of their own position, and their gold hoards are becoming an actual danger. The efforts made by the French Banks, headed by the Minister of Finance, to support sterling during the middle of September were frantic.

Let us drop all prejudice, recognize that we have awakened to find ourselves in a new world, size up our real position and then decide what is required. First, as to our real assets. We still have our unique geographical position at the gateway of Europe. Our magnificent shipping remains, and though our fleets were losing money until recently, all our connexions, our nautical skill and our knowledge of markets remain. We have the greatest and finest coal deposits in the world and some of the best ironfields. Compare our situation with that of Italy, where there is no coal or iron.

We have rich Colonies, mighty Dominions and a huge natural market in India. Despite recent events, our commercial credit for integrity and honesty remains the highest in the world. We have the skill, industry and courage of our people which have carried us through far greater troubles in the past. And, above all, we have a democratic system of government which seems able to withstand any shock, and to function best in times of emergency. Add to these facts that, owing to the devaluation of the £, we have now an actual advantage in every export market over the gold standard countries, while we can still purchase all manner of raw materials and foodstuffs very cheaply, because of the immense glut of goods and commodities of all kinds in every producing country. The catastrophic fall in world prices, over-production, accumulations of stocks, which caused the trade crisis, which in its turn hit us so hard, is now an advantage.

I submit that now is the time to embark on a great scheme of national reconstruction.

Take first the coal industry. It is admitted here that rationalization is more urgent than ever. 3,000 separate pits, managed or mismanaged by 1,500 separate and competing companies and divorced from their own lucrative by-products, is an absurd system. Not only must the coal industry be rationalized and linked up with the production of electricity and gas on a national scale, but we can now set to work to produce mineral oil from our own coal to replace the thousand million gallons that we have been importing every year from abroad. In so doing we shall not only find a great deal of employment for our idle miners and redress some of the adverse balance of trade, but we can cheapen our coal for export as a raw material and recapture many of the markets that were temporarily lost to us.

So with forestry. Timber as a raw material is the fourth greatest import into this country. A very large proportion of this imported wood can be grown on our own hillsides.

The railway system must be reorganized, probably by electrification in densely populated districts, and by adopting the Diesel-electric self-contained traction system for the rural areas.

If we tackle the matter in a bold spirit, we can probably get a belated response from the great textile industry for a complete reorganization of that important part of our economic system. So with iron and steel. What is needed here is known, and it only required a shock, like that which we have experienced, to provide the stimulus.

Lastly, agriculture, still our greatest industry as regards the number of persons it employs, or should employ. Here, at all costs, we must make ourselves more self-supporting, not only in cereals but in pig and dairy produce, poultry-farming, fruit-growing and canning, and the like.

But much more is needed. Tariffs alone will not solve our difficulties. It is reasonable, during this coming time of change-over and reorganization, that there should be some defence against dumping. In a world of armed lunatics perhaps it is as well that we should have weapons. Until Europe and America come to their senses here we may have to retaliate.

But all these things will be vain unless we tackle the whole great problem of world trade and international credit. Eminent bankers and economists talk as if a breakdown of the world credit system—which, failing adequate measures, is certainly within sight—means that we are all to lie down and die of starvation in a world richer in goods and commodities of all kinds than ever before in the history of mankind. This suggestion is absurd. We shall do nothing of the kind. Because wheat is being burned in Canada and coffee in Brazil, because the Americans are ploughing in their cottonfields and because the rubber planters dare not tap any more of their product in case they may not be able to sell it, are we all to lie down and die? Because France and America have cornered two-thirds of the world's gold supply, and because without this gold in circulation the credit system, as we have known it, will not work, are we all to sink into penury? The very idea is ridiculous.

We should immediately summon an Economic Conference, to be attended by Prime Ministers and Finance Ministers from the principal nations, to re-establish a new credit machinery. If the gold-hoarding nations refuse to come, so much the worse for them. The Americans, for example, had better begin to understand at once that the world can, at a pinch, do without their products, even their films. We do not need their motor-cars or their chewing-gum. There is plenty of meat in the Argentine, ample wheat in Australia, India and Egypt.

So with France. We shall not die if we cannot get French wines, perfumes, and ladies' shoes or Paris hats and fashions. There are other capitals we can go to for holidays besides Paris, and the sun shines elsewhere than on the French Riviera. Coal still burns, the earth is still fertile, and we understand far better now how to obtain maximum crops from it. There is no need to despair, even if the bankers and bill-brokers of New York and Paris go on strike. They are not wealth-producers, and we British have more working capital (even if our stocks of gold are down) than any other country in the world. We have still £4,000,000,000 of foreign and Empire investments represented by railways, docks, electricity works, factories, mines and plantations all over the world. We shall all have to work harder, we may have to think less of pleasures, cut down our holidays, even shorten our week-ends; but that will not be a bad thing. We can emerge from this trouble a stronger, cleaner, more virile nation than ever.

PRELUDE TO ARMAGEDDON

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

WHEN the Emperor Francis Joseph looked back over his long life he grieved that the Habsburg monarchy should have lost the fair Italian provinces during his reign. The wish for some compensating gain lay deep in his heart. This was not unknown to Aerenthal, who became his Foreign Minister in 1906. Aerenthal, like Conrad, brooded over the growing dangers which beset the Empire. He hoped by dexterous diplomacy to revive its strength and gratify his master. During the summer of 1908 Aerenthal addressed himself to the Russian Foreign Minister, Isvolsky, and more than one secret conversation took place between them. Isvolsky, a tall fine-looking Russian, was not a particularly wary negotiator. In principle he was well disposed to Aerenthal's ambitions and ready to discuss a plan whereby Russia would not obstruct the Austrian annexation of Bosnia, provided that Austria in return supported Russia in obtaining the right of consent for her Black Sea warships through the Straits.

The Austrian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, Count Berchtold, was naturally in the centre of these affairs. He arranged a meeting between Aerenthal and Isvolsky at his château at Buchlau in September, 1908. It was an important occasion both for the guests and their host. A friendly talk! A great chance for Aerenthal! Here was the Foreign Minister of the one Power of all others likely to be offended by what he wanted to do. Here he was in good will and in good faith ready to talk it all over like one man of the world to another.

One may blame Isvolsky for treating upon these grave matters with a lack of caution in a general and easy-going manner. When men speak for mighty nations they cannot indulge in the graces of a casual conversation between friends at a club. But far more must we blame Aerenthal. He conceded nothing to the fair play of the world. He took every advantage; he exploited every admission and even every courtesy. He left Isvolsky under the impression that they were both working together, and the next day sold him up before the whole world. There is one set of rules for people who meet as declared opponents to argue, to bargain, or if needs be to strike; there is another set for gentlemen talking in a friendly way about matters in which they seek to collaborate. Here was the offence of Aerenthal. It was a grave offence; it had definitely restricted the intercourse of nations. Every diplomat should study this story in its minute detail, but the moral that will be drawn is one which reduces the facilities of understanding between men and States.

The conversations ended; the Buchlau visit was over. Isvolsky went on his holidays and Aerenthal returned to Vienna. He returned to Vienna with the feeling that he had involved the Russian sufficiently in compromise to break him up, and that Russia anyhow would not make serious trouble about the annexation. He prepared his dossier carefully; he loaded up his Press; he told the Emperor that Russia had consented, and flung the annexation of Bosnia out upon the world.

It was a bombshell. Every Chancellery in Europe recognized it as an aggressive act done in an ill-conditioned manner. Germany, who had been told nothing, was astonished, but did not withhold her support from her ally. France was cynical; Russia was indignant; Turkey offended, Serbia in a frenzy and England deeply shocked. To his very vitals Sir Edward Grey was outraged. All his cherished principles were affronted. The Whig statesman, the

monitor of the public law of Europe, the English gentleman and public-school boy—all these elements in his powerful character were equally affronted. A treaty had been broken. International instruments signed by many States had been set aside by one or possibly by two. The position of the other signatories was affected. They had a right to be consulted and to express their view. A little oblivious perhaps of some pages in our own history, he took with confidence and even relish the highest line.

The Kaiser's official comment upon the event leaves nothing to be said by others. It is a striking example of how little justice or merits counted in German pre-war politics:

"Aerenthal's performance comes to look more and more like a subaltern's rag. He told us nothing about it, gave Isvolsky and Tittoni such veiled hints that they regard themselves as entirely bamboozled, showed the Sultan, who is principally concerned, no consideration at all. . . . He certainly is not a far-seeing statesman."

Europe now entered upon the second of the three grave crises which were the prelude to Armageddon. England, supported by France and Russia, proposed a Conference of all the signatory Powers to review the Treaty of Berlin, and at first Austria and Germany agreed. The dispute was then transferred to the subjects to be raised. Austria declared that the annexation itself was settled beyond recall, and could not be discussed. Many objections were found to the Russian desire to open the Dardanelles to her warships. Turkey claimed effective compensation. Months passed and the tension grew. The Turks organized a most injurious boycott of Austrian goods. The "war of pigs" began between Austria and Serbia and the price of bacon throughout the Dual Monarchy was nearly doubled. Grey's righteous censures bitterly offended Vienna.

The sharpest conversations occurred between the British Ambassador and Aerenthal. "You are responsible," exclaimed Aerenthal, "for all this trouble." "Surely it was not we," replied the ambassador, "who annexed Bosnia in violation of the Treaty of Berlin?" This retort incensed Aerenthal so much that he fell back upon abuse of the British conduct towards the Boers, which our representative remarked was irrelevant to the point at issue. The Tsar showed himself profoundly discouraged and depressed. Marchenko has given a vivid account of his audience at St. Petersburg. "I have there," said the Tsar, pointing to his writing-table, "quite a lot of letters from the old man (the Emperor); but all are nothing but falsehood and deceit." Isvolsky, become Aerenthal's mortal enemy, hurried to Paris and London to expose his wrongs.

Serbian fury mounted steadily. Their future, they declared, had been blighted by a violent and unlawful breach of an international instrument, which, if it were ever to be changed, should reunite them and their kith and kin in Bosnia. Popular demonstrations, challenging speeches and considerable military preparations continued in Belgrade. The Austrian preparations were on a formidable scale. The three army corps opposite the Serbian frontier were raised to almost their war strength. Night after night large numbers of troops passed stealthily through Vienna on their way to the south. A strong development of Austrian forces became apparent opposite Russia in Galicia. Meanwhile diplomacy argued about the agenda of the Conference and the newspapers, particularly in London and Vienna, carried on a wordy strife. So the winter passed.

ARE DOCTORS WORTH WHILE?

BY QUAIRO

MEDICAL stock is down; and it may be interesting to speculate as to why this is so, and as to the extent to which the depreciation is justified. At the recent Trades Union Congress the opinion was expressed that the people of this country are not getting real value for the money paid to doctors, "the application of known medical science by the average practitioner being a very long way behind the discoveries made." How much substance is there in this charge?

Recent outstanding discoveries in the realm of physiology, and their exploitation by the Press and by commercial adventurers, have not unnaturally led the public to suppose that all traditional medical practice is thereby rendered obsolete. Doctors themselves are tempted to pander to this worship of novelty and, hastily discarding old and well-tried methods, to adopt procedures as yet unfounded on practical experience. Such uncritical enthusiasm and quackery in medicine, as in other spheres, provoke in more sober and conservative minds an unfortunate antipathy towards, and scepticism concerning, real scientific advances.

The additions to our scientific knowledge have hitherto lent themselves more readily to practical application to diagnosis, ætiology and pathology than to treatment. Consequently, it is on diagnosis and crude pathology that the attention of the medical student is mainly concentrated. The natural result is that the newly qualified doctor goes out into the world but indifferently equipped to treat a sick person. Not that his technical knowledge is irrelevant, but that it is incomplete.

And here it may be well to comment on a common fallacy. Naturally, a truly scientific treatment depends on a full knowledge of causation; but it is often assumed that this knowledge, of itself, provides the key to cure. As a matter of fact, nearly all medical treatment has still but empiric foundations.

Thus, for example, although we have long known the specific causes of tuberculosis and pneumonia, our treatment of those diseases is still based entirely on Hippocratic principles. On the other hand, we have recently discovered what almost amounts to a cure for pernicious anæmia; but we know little more of the real cause of that disease than did the physicians of the Victorian age.

The public of to-day has developed a rather pathetic belief in specialists and specialism. For this, the faulty training and consequent vocational ineptness of the general practitioner is largely responsible. In surgery and other branches of therapeutic craftsmanship there is true scope for specialism, but in medicine the legitimate excuses for parallel departmentalism are very few.

Philosophers might as well specialize in emotions, thoughts or sensations as physicians profess specialist understanding of this or that bodily organ as though it were an isolated biological unit. Disease has rarely this simple character, especially in its early and more remediable stages. It should be the peculiar business of the general practitioner—the family doctor—to recognize these beginnings of trouble and to indicate the change of habit or the change of circumstance that may check this development.

It is here, of course, quite obvious that the limitations of the conventional medical education show themselves. The precise methods of the laboratory and the type-pictures of the text-books carry us so short a way towards the understanding of the

individual patient. Even diagnosis is no simple matter of tabulated facts and exact calculations; for it cannot rightly be regarded—at any rate, in the present state of pathological knowledge—as the mere fixing of an appropriate label to one or other of the syndromes to which names have been assigned.

At the same time, it is clear that the symptoms which a sick man presents need to be considered, not only in the light of those facts with which laboratory workers are concerned, but also in that of philosophy and worldly experience. The competent practitioner has to ask himself, not: "What is this a symptom of?" but: "What exactly does this symptom mean? Of what disturbance of function is it an expression?"

He must further determine if such disturbance of function is part of a protective reaction to danger or a direct manifestation of some hostile agent. As Dr. J. A. Ryle reminded us in a recent lecture: "Symptoms are not specific for diseases." Symptoms ultimately traceable to such different causes as sclerosis of the coronary arteries, anæmia, and excessive smoking may yet "have the same physiological basis."

There are few simple formulæ in the practical art of medicine. Even such plausible exhortations as that we should assist Nature; or, alternatively, study her and copy her methods, cannot safely be obeyed without discrimination. Natural reactions to disease are often harmfully excessive, and may even present a more serious problem than that of the disease itself. Irritated by the complacency of the leave-it-all-to-Nature school, it is easy to understand the outburst of Asclepiades, who characterized the conventional Hippocratic reliance on the *vis medicatrix nature* as "meditation upon death." Which recalls the candidate's answer to the examiner's question: "What immediate steps would you take in a case of serious hæmorrhage?" "Feel the pulse and watch for collapse."

In so far as specialism is desirable or justifiable, the specialist is rightly concerned primarily with the technique or the particular disease to which he devotes himself. The ordinary doctor, on the other hand, should be looked upon, and should look upon himself, as concerned rather with the patient, who is himself not only the sufferer but also one of the principals in the battle that is raging within him.

Nor is disease adequately to be understood on the basis only of those facts which the stethoscope, the thermometer and the sphygmograph reveal, important as these are. Account must be taken also of those financial, domestic, emotional and environmental circumstances which only a shrewd, sympathetic and philosophically trained "family doctor" is in a position to assess. It is he who should be expected to carry out that periodic health examination of his clientele of which we have lately heard much and are likely to hear more. He alone is competent to discuss those details of daily life on which health ultimately depends, and to advise when surgical or other specialist treatment is called for.

* When his true province is rightly understood by the public and by those responsible for medical education, the value of the general practitioner will be more fully recognized, and his social and professional status will rise accordingly. At present he is wasting his opportunities and we are wasting his potentialities.

THE SECRET INTRIGUE AT TUTANKHAMEN'S COURT

By DR. HOWARD CARTER

CONSIDERING the world-wide fame of Tutankhamen, it is remarkable how little we know of him. Only a few facts regarding his life and reign have been revealed to us. Inscriptions found in his tomb indicate that he reigned for only nine years, and the balance of evidence, after very careful anatomical investigation, proves him to have been only eighteen years of age when he died. Tutankhamen must therefore have been enthroned at the tender age of nine.

We can well imagine that with the throne occupied by a young and inexperienced boy like this, intrigue must have been rampant. Of his actual life we know very little, but we gather that during his reign he abandoned the ancient capital and moved his court to another place, where, among other things, he erected temples to the ancient gods. He was but a boy when circumstances brought him to the throne, and it was in early manhood, and who knows in what tragic circumstances, that he started on his last journey, in the full flush of youth, into the gloom of that tremendous underworld of the burial ground of the Egyptian kings.

As there was no male issue by his official wife Nephrititi, the question of his successor must have been a vital one, and we may be sure that plot and counter-plot were not lacking. Hence, to preserve the dynasty, the ultimate heir to the throne was married to the Crown Princess Ankhesenpa-Aten. She had been born in the eighth year of her father's reign and could not therefore have been more than nine years old at the time of her marriage.

With children on the seat of majesty, inevitably there must have been a power behind the throne in the person of a regent. The regent was a close and personal friend who, in fact, secured the throne for himself after Tutankhamen's death. His name was Ay and he held the office of Grand Chamberlain in the Royal household.

A fact which seems to hint at some intrigue and plot is that in the innermost treasury of the tomb we found two miniature burials of still-born children, one of four months and the other of seven months, both nameless, but buried in their father's name, Tutankhamen. They never reached this earth alive. Was that the result of some abnormality on the part of the young Queen, or was it the consequence of some political intrigue to secure the Crown? The question will never be answered, but what may be gathered is that had one of these babes lived there would never have been a Rameses dynasty.

After Tutankhamen's early death, that little widowed Queen, in fear of her regnal rights, wrote a letter to the far-distant Hittite King, saying: "I hear you have a son. Send him to me and I will marry him and make him King of Egypt." The only answer she received was "Where is thine own son?" The answer to which question lies in the innermost treasury of the tomb.

Thus it was that this great dynasty passed into other hands, those of the Grand Chamberlain, who was in turn supplanted by Tutankhamen's general, Horemheb, who founded the nineteenth dynasty.

This in brief is all that we know of Tutankhamen and his Queen—scattered and fragmentary items of history gleaned from inscriptions and objects in the tomb which we unearthed in that remote valley on the borders of the Sahara. The tomb lies beneath the guardian peak where were buried twenty-eight

Pharaohs of the Imperial age—descendants of the great God Ra. Some idea of the immensity of that task may be gleaned from the fact that we worked there for five years before the great discovery, and nine years afterwards, and in that time removed over 200,000 tons of earth and rubbish, all of which was carried away in baskets by the native workers. Incidentally we had what I consider the finest manual labour in the world at our disposal. These people worked from sunrise to sunset, and when the whistle blew in the evening, to tell them to cease work, they did not just walk to their homes, but ran all the way!

The entrance to the tomb itself we discovered underneath the remains of an ancient hut erected three thousand years ago, by workmen engaged in the task of burying subsequent Egyptian monarchs. A flight of sixteen steps led down to a sealed doorway, which showed signs of having been forced open shortly after Tutankhamen's burial. Beyond this was a corridor filled with rubbish, which when removed revealed another sealed doorway. In this we made a small hole to allow the escape of any noxious gases which might have accumulated in these underground regions. A stream of hot air rushed out. A lighted candle was then inserted in the aperture, and there loomed vague and shadowy in the flickering light the piled-up treasures and splendour of the Imperial Age of Egypt.

From the very outset of our investigations in the tomb we found traces of thieves who had plundered the sacred burying place within ten or fifteen years of Tutankhamen's burial. Doorways of which the seals had been broken and later ones substituted, odd pieces of jewellery dropped by robbers in their flight, skin bags into which they had poured the precious oils and wines buried with the King, all these bore witness to the depredations that had been made. And in the treasure room itself everything was helter-skelter, disordered and confused. The robbers had shown scant ceremony to the magnificent objects which lay haphazardly piled one on top of the other. In many instances they had rudely torn away the gold ornamented work from the chairs and couches and other furniture, had rifled the treasure caskets and plundered everything within reach. Sixty per cent. of the heavier gold and silver objects, such as chalices, caskets, statues, etc., which had been originally buried in the tomb were, it is estimated, stolen by these robbers.

However, a great deal still remained; above all, the great gold-covered sarcophagus, in which lay the body of Tutankhamen, was untouched. This was found in an inner chamber, almost filling it, except for a space of about a foot each side. Here we found a number of oar-like objects, put there to enable the dead monarch to ferry himself across the seething waters to the Elysian fields. Within the sarcophagus were three coffins, one encased in the other, each in the form of an effigy of the boy King, grasping a flail and a crozier, and symbolizing man's belief in immortality. On the forehead of the outer effigy was a wreath of flowers which still retained their original colouring.

To me nothing was ever so touching as to see these few withered flowers, placed there, I like to think, by the disconsolate young Queen widow of 3,300 years ago—a little touch of sweetness of nature, there in that dry subterranean gloom, which made our modern and that ancient civilization strangely akin.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF GENIUS—IV

By A. WYATT TILBY

EVERYBODY has heard something of the two fashionable theories of race: the Nordic-Mediterranean and the pure v. mongrel.

As to the former, if anybody can see any evidence of Nordic superiority over Mediterranean, or vice versa, in these papers on the distribution of genius, I will make him a present of my maps, lists and diagrams, and wait patiently for his demonstration. I can see no indication whatever that one type is superior to the other, or fundamentally different from the other, in art or science, action or contemplation.

As to the latter theory, one school of political thought believes in purity of race or blood, another inclines to defend a mixed or mongrel stock as likely to produce the better result. The former school naturally attracts men of the national or patriotic type, the latter men of the international or democratic stamp. It was necessary to look at my maps rather closely to see on which—if either—side the weight of evidence inclined.

French genius is prolific in Normandy, Picardy, Burgundy and along the German frontier, where the population is more mixed than elsewhere in France; but it is rare in Brittany (although the Celtic race is not usually regarded as an inferior variety) and the Midi and Aquitaine, where there is less ancestral variety.

Italy tells much the same story. The North is fertile in genius, where Lombard and Latin and in old days Etruscan and Celt were inextricably mixed. But it becomes far less prolific in the middle of the peninsula, where immigration from north of the Alps has been less.

So much in favour of the mixed or mongrel school. On the other side of the argument, the South of Italy, where Greek, Latin and Norman are mixed, is intellectually sterile; the whole island of Sicily, for example, has produced fewer men of distinction than several individual cities in Italy, France and Germany. Macedonia, too, as mixed as a *macédoine* of fruit, is bare of intellectual distinction.

This, of course, is merely negative evidence; but there is something more positive in the fact that Castile, famous for the purity of Spanish blood and speech, is intellectually ahead of the other Iberian provinces. Against this, however, must be set the admission that Brandenburg, "the pure heart of Germany," is intellectually less distinguished than Saxony, whose racial sources were more varied.

But in the long run neither pure-blood (if it exists) nor mongrel can claim much of a victory; for if some mixtures appear to favour genius others do not. The eastern marches of Germany and Bohemia and Poland, where the population is mixed German and Slav, are by no means fertile of genius.

Are we then to conclude that the mixture of Latin and Teuton is good, whereas that of Teuton and Slav is bad, or at best neutral? The truth is that the evidence as it stands is indecisive; all we can say is that some immigrants prosper and mix better than others. But common sense told us that already, without any research; and it seems pretty evident that race, like climate, is not a sufficient factor to affect the problem of genius when the races themselves are mentally more or less on the same level.

But there is obviously some general relation between the distribution of genius and density of population, in the sense that genius is more likely to be found in congested than sparsely populated districts, and in great capitals rather than the countryside. Urban life may deserve everything that is said against

it, but whether by stimulus or selection, it is manifestly more likely to produce genius—or at least the conditions in which genius will function—than the rural districts.

This is true of all classes of distinction except statesmen and soldiers, who come generally of land-owning, and therefore country stock; and strangely enough it is also true, not only of the social arts and literature, but even of that type of philosophical and mystical genius which demands solitude, retreat, and silent contemplation before it comes to fruition. Of ten of the great names in religious history—Jesus of Nazareth, Saul of Tarsus, Plotinus, Philo, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Siena, Pascal, St. Theresa, and St. John of the Cross—only the first and the last two can properly be classed as country-bred.

But this relation between genius and density of population is by no means invariable or universal, as the contrasted cases of France and Germany serve to indicate; and it is clear that genius eventually depends on other and more complex factors.

History shows that a race will sometimes blossom out into a progressive period which is productive of genius on a large scale, and then revert to the normal level of mere continuity and repetition. This manifestly happened in the case of ancient Egypt and Greece; and apparently also with regard to Islam in Mesopotamia and Spain, which at one time led the world in science and philosophy, and was then caught up and outdistanced by the Christian nations. The intellectual shrinkage of Islam is one of the unsolved problems of history.

It is to be presumed that this sudden efflorescence of mental talent was partly due to peculiarly favourable local conditions which existed for a short period and then ceased—as happens from time to time on a parallel physical scale, as every biologist knows—and a fuller study of these exceptional factors would probably be of considerable importance, as indicating the principles on which it might be possible to build a progressive and perhaps even a permanent civilization. It is possible that much the same amount of ability is produced in every generation, but that when conditions are favourable and a civilization has wind and tide behind it things go with a swing; but when conditions are unfavourable and the struggle for existence is too severe (as in the Dark Ages), the period produces nothing remarkable. Unfortunately my lists and maps as they stand throw little light on this matter, which would require detailed and extended study on somewhat different lines to be conclusive.

It may be taken that whatever else genius may be, it implies a greater perception of facts or the relations between facts than the ordinary man perceives, together with some additional faculty of expression and will to make these extra-perceptions intelligible to other people. But obviously much depends on the direction of effort. Had some of the mental energy wasted in theological disputes over the Trinity and the Incarnation in the Middle Ages been given to mundane research and invention, civilization would probably have advanced more quickly.

I doubt whether John Hunter and James Watt had more acuteness of intellect than Duns Scotus, but the former revolutionized surgery and transport, whereas the latter merely left a great scholastic reputation. And probably a slight change of mental interest would have sufficed to turn many a career that now seems to have been largely wasted into one that produced permanent and practical results. The difference between a philosopher and a mathematician,

for example, is often one of degree, not of kind; but whereas the Church liked the smell of a burnt philosopher, it would have had no excuse for cooking a mathematician. Yet the Moors were ahead of the Christians as algebraists and geometers for centuries, and then ceased to produce talent.

Genius may therefore exist anywhere, under barbarism as under civilization; but it requires not only a right direction in itself, but also peculiar conditions to bring it to fruition.

Those conditions, as I see it, imply both a certain security and a certain response. Firstly, there must be at least relative probability that work done will not be prematurely destroyed, or it will not be worth doing at all; and this means in effect an ordered and stable civilization, which guarantees the artist or the thinker reasonably favourable conditions. Secondly, there must be a general freedom and openness of mind and intellectual curiosity and response on the part of society; both artist and thinker must be free to express themselves, or art and thought will become conventionalized and authoritarian, and there will be no intellectual progress. This liberty and curiosity are more likely to be found in the towns than the country, where new ideas travel slowly and with difficulty; hence one reason, no doubt, for the preponderance of urban over rural genius.

It is significant, though hardly in itself conclusive, that in the two countries in which freedom has always been at a discount—Spain and Russia—philosophy and science have never flourished. The Spanish people are probably as intellectual as their neighbours, but there is something concrete and hard about the Spanish mind; its business is action, and its pleasure lies in art—it is too rigid for philosophy, and too practical and unimaginative for science. Its typical hero explores the visible world, but the invisible is outside his ken; even in religion Spain produced stern soldiers of the Church like Dominic and Loyola, but a great poet and mystic like St. John of the Cross was persecuted and put in prison. The Spanish national romance is of the Cid, not the Round Table, and it has no enchanted Lohengrin or spiritual Parsifal or mysterious King Fisherman in its record.

It is true, of course, that even when conditions of mental freedom and individual security are assured, progress is still slow and spasmodic; for humanity as a whole prefers tradition and looking backwards rather than the unfamiliar and untried. But once these difficult (and in some respects contradictory) conditions of liberty and order are assured, the evidence tends to show that genius may appear, in Europe at least, independently of country, speech, or climate.

COOKING IN THE MIDLANDS—I

By F. WHITE

ONE of my earliest recollections is staying at Great Barr in Staffordshire, and seeing my aunt bake potted shrimps. The art of potting is one of the almost lost arts of the English home kitchen; nowadays we buy everything ready-made; we have not the patience to pot shrimps at home, yet it is worth while.

Skin the shrimps, season them with salt, white pepper, and a very little mace and cloves. Pound them up slightly with a little butter. They need not be made into a smooth paste. Press them firmly into small pots, and put in the oven for five minutes. When cold, cover them with clarified butter.

In those days rhubarb wine also was made at home in the same house, and many other good things. It is, you will remember, the neighbourhood described by George Eliot in 'Adam Bede,' and you know what a good cook Mrs. Poyser was. But all Midland women are famous cooks; I am not sure that they do not beat those of the Northern Counties.

Derbyshire and Stafford were the counties sacred to Izaak Walton, and the Meech, the Dove and the Derwent were the rivers he fished. They are the counties of syllabubs, Bakewell pies and patties, moor game and stewed red cabbage, jugged rabbit and all sorts of good things. Leicestershire, which is the centre of the Midlands and therefore the heart of England, has given us any number.

If you go to Melton Mowbray at Whitsuntide, you will find everyone eating curd cheese-cakes, for Stilton cheese-making is in full swing and there is plenty of curd to be bought. They say enough cheese-cakes are made for the Melton Feast to pave the whole town. Here is a recipe:

For 8d. you can get about 1 lb. of curd, well drained and dry; beat it up with 6 oz. butter, add some powdered ginger, grated lemon peel, 12 oz. castor sugar; then beat in the yolks of 8 eggs, and whisked whites of 3. Add a few currants and use to fill patty pans lined with short crust, or if you prefer it, puff pastry.

Little Dalby was the place where Stilton cheese was first made, but that is a long story. It is now made chiefly in the Vale of Belvoir and North of Melton; and

very good it is. Do not let anyone put you off with Gorgonzola. Another good cheese is the Leicester red cheese, and the cream cheese also is superb.

They keep up the old customs in the Midlands. In January "Plough Monday" is still kept on the first Monday following January 17 (Old Twelfth Day), and a special round of beef is always spiced for this occasion.

On Curfew Night in October every working-man worth his salt expects his wife to give him a naked potato and a grilled red herring for his supper, and woe betide her if she forgets. You will still be offered seed cake or plum cake and home-made cowslip wine if you make a call in the morning, and do not forget that the best cowslip wine has to have some comfrey in it.

Rutland is famous for its gingerbread and statute cakes, made when the Statute or Hiring Fair was held, and still made and sold. Grantham, in Lincolnshire, has a special white gingerbread, for which the town is famous. In the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray, in Lincolnshire, and Rutland, during the hunting season, cottages and farm-houses will offer callers a mug of hot frumenty.

Warwickshire, also George Eliot's county, is proud of Coventry, and Coventry is proud of its God-cakes, which are unique and given away as New Year gifts. They belong to the same type of cake as Banbury cakes, Eccles and Chorley Cakes, and are typically English; the Coventry God-cakes are three-cornered, one corner being longer than the other two, making an isosceles triangle. It is interesting to note that modern three-cornered jam puffs are known to the trade as "Coventries."

South Notts boasts "Rook Pie," made as follows: Pluck, draw and skin the young rooks; remove the backbone, as it is bitter. Season with pepper and salt. Lay a beefsteak in the bottom of the dish, then put in the birds, and pour a good deal of melted thickened butter all over them. Cover with a good pie-crust. They require long baking, 1½ hours at least. They may first be stewed to great advantage, and will then not require to be baked so long.

(To be continued.)

THE TITHE FRICTION

BY A COLLECTOR

THE growing friction over the payment of tithes reveals grievances on both sides—as much on the part of the titheowner as of the tithepayer. Difficulties in the collection of this unpopular charge increase daily, while the problem of paying it becomes almost insoluble for the landowners and for the working farmer-owner whose position to-day is so precarious.

At the same time a good deal of the present friction and ill-feeling is undoubtedly due to the ignorance which prevails among the majority of tithe-paying landowners concerning their legal rights and remedies.

In these times of rapid development of land near towns and cities, whole fields which used to form part of a purely agricultural area have become suddenly transformed into an urban district, with scores of houses and bungalows and other private buildings upon them. It is happening all over the country to-day.

Now, while this radical change in the character of the land takes place, no corresponding modification occurs in the law regarding the mode of recovery of the tithe to which such land is assessed. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that friction between the titheowner and the present numerous landowners begins immediately the former tries to collect the whole of the tithe from one of them. There may be, we will suppose, eighty owners of plots of varying size now upon the land, each with a house or bungalow on it. But the titheowner is acting quite lawfully in coming down upon one of those men and demanding the full tithe on the whole of the land from him alone. Although the property is now divided in ownership, not so the tithe. This still remains assessed in one sum upon the entire land. For obvious reasons the titheowner does not adopt informal subdivisions of his tithe but goes on collecting it, as before development, from one owner. The law in turn empowers the unlucky person thus selected to recover the proper shares from the other seventy-nine joint owners, but naturally, when the sum at stake is small, few think it worth while to put themselves to this inconvenience in order to assert their rights.

In the majority of such cases it is open to those landowners, or any one of them, to apply to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries for a legal re-assessment of the tithe so that in future each one will bear his rightful share only and no one else's. This course, which is neither complicated nor expensive, would at once remove the irritating methods which, as the law now stands, are inevitable. Apparently this is not generally known. But even when this simple course is pointed out to them, it is strange to find how reluctant the parties concerned frequently are to adopt it. The titheowner himself cannot legally initiate these proceedings; it rests with the landowners alone to do so.

Again, tithepayers are apt to overlook the fact that until the existing law is altered the titheowners are as helpless in the matter as they are. Each party has well-defined rights and remedies against the other and it is up to every prospective owner of an estate to inquire into these at the time of purchase. Unfortunately, what often happens is that not even the fact that the property is liable for tithe is ascertained. Frequently the first demand for tithe is also the first intimation that an astonished purchaser has of this mysterious charge upon his newly acquired property.

Another misapprehension regarding tithe is to look upon it as a sort of tax. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. Tithe is *property*, on which the owner pays local rates just as the owner of land or houses.

Nor does all the tithe belong to the Church, as is generally supposed. Of the three million pounds of tithe existing in England to-day only a portion of it is

the property of the Church of England clergy. A considerable share is "lay" tithe, owned by private persons, by colleges, charities, and others.

The point is that one cannot, of course, dispossess such legitimate owners of this form of property by a mere stroke of the pen any more than one can deprive others of their rightful possessions. You cannot repeal tithe as if it were a tax or any other imposition. Only Parliament can, in fact, deal adequately with the matter. Pleadings and open defiance in the County Courts, deputations to Ministers, and isolated resolutions passed at local meetings, while recognized as having much on their side, merely tend in the end to increase the present state of friction.

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

A COUPON ELECTION

In theory every subject of the King is free to offer himself for election to the House of Commons for any constituency in the Kingdom; and this system has a real advantage over the more restricted practice in some other countries, where a man can only put up for election in the actual province or state in which he was born or is domiciled. (Under the latter system Mr. Baldwin would have been safe in Worcestershire and Mr. Snowden in Yorkshire, but Mr. Gladstone could never have stood for Oxford University or Midlothian, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald could hardly have got into Parliament at all, since Morayshire is not a Labour district.)

It is obviously wise that there shall be as wide a choice as possible of candidates for constituencies, and of constituencies for candidates; since Parliament is the mirror of the nation, and should in theory reflect every opinion held by every section of the nation. In practice, however, there are certain limitations on the choice of election.

A candidate for the House of Commons must be nominated, and he cannot nominate himself. The person or persons who nominate him need not, of course, necessarily pledge themselves to vote for him, but in practice men do not often nominate candidates with whom they disagree: the candidate is therefore likely to get at least one or two votes.

Nobody can object to this; but since 1918 candidates have had to deposit £150 before they can be nominated, and this amount is forfeited if they do not receive a certain proportion of the votes. The latter part of this provision does not affect the composition of the Commons, but the former limits the number of candidates, reduces the chance of forlorn (or not so forlorn) minorities testing public opinion as a try-out, and is open to the serious objection that it favours the rich as against the poor, and the party machine as against the individual.

The coupon system, however, introduced in 1918 by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law, was open to further objections. It meant that candidates were approved by one party organization and passed as satisfactory by another party organization, and therefore in fact limited the freedom of choice in a constituency to candidates approved at headquarters. It is significant that the 1918 Parliament was admittedly second-rate in personnel; and although "arrangements" are now being made between parties in various constituencies, the coupon system has not been repeated.

MYSELF, CHARLES II AND THE BOOK SOCIETY

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

I HAVE received a number of letters asking me why I have such a grudge against the Book Society. "What are you so bitter about?" is the theme of those letters. I should like to explain that I have no "grudge against the Society" (and a lot the Society would care if I had!). I think that it is a collection of fine and honest minds. But I also think that those minds have recently been suffering from a collective aberration.

This aberration is apparently at an end, for no intelligent person could possibly quarrel with the Choice for November—'King Charles the Second,' by Arthur Bryant (Longmans. 9s. 6d.). But before I say a few humble words in praise of this brilliant work, may I narrate the history of my own experience with regard to the Book Society, in order that the "grudge" legend may be finally scotched?

I joined the Society last year with 'The Edwardians.' That was a grand book. A delicious period piece, with flashes of poetry that glittered all the more radiantly because of their inherently sordid background.

Then came 'The Water Gipsies.' I loved it. It even caused me to go for long tramps down the canals in East Anglia, and though I never caught anything but a cold, I forgave Mr. Herbert.

After that, 'Bengal Lancer,' which made me career round London, telling everybody to join the Book Society at once. You could not read 'Bengal Lancer' without a quickening of the pulse. It was a galloping book, keen and boisterous, and proud. The book of a very gallant gentleman. I could hardly wait for the month to elapse until the next choice came along.

Then, it came along. 'A Note in Music,' by Rosamond Lehmann. It dropped on my desk with a dull thud. I opened it. I yawned and closed it. Opened it again . . . gritted my teeth, tried to read it, was exasperated. All criticism is personal, but I would wager my honour that in ten years' time . . . no . . . in less than that, 'A Note in Music' (if ever read at all) will be regarded as a high-falutin', tedious chronicle of two unutterably boring little literary snobs.

However, I was still in debt to the Book Society. So I threw 'A Note in Music' into the waste-paper basket and waited for 'Grand Hotel.' It was worth waiting for.

We will pass discreetly over 'Mosaic,' by G. B. Stern. It is the sort of book that one tries to cut when one sees it coming down the street, though, if it thrusts itself upon one's attention, one is polite.

Then . . . 'The Fortunes of Richard Malony!' There is no exclamation mark in the title, but I have put one in, because it imprinted an exclamation mark on my mind which, I trust, will never be effaced. This book flames with genius. It burns one up with its crazy passion.

After 'Richard Malony' I went round London with a note-book, collecting subscriptions for the Book Society.

And then. . . ?

Well, there was 'Diary of a Provincial Lady.' Light . . . charming. 'Morning Tide' . . . heavy, boring, and to my mind essentially "bogus"; as Mr. Evelyn Waugh would say. . . . And—

'Tobit Transplanted,' by Miss Stella Benson. The Worst Book Ever Written. No. . . . I should not say that, because it is not a book at all. The only way to describe it is to say that it is a prose equivalent of 'Sordello.' However, 'Sordello' had a few lucid intervals, which were beautiful, whereas the lucid intervals of 'Tobit' were arch and whimsical and repulsive.

After 'Tobit,' I was soured for 'Juan in America,' though it was a fine bit of picaresque writing, and I saw no reason why Tom Clarke's 'Northcliffe Diary,' though it was an admirable piece of journalism, should have been chosen as an example of English literary activity. And even the flares of 'Hatter's Castle,' which, I admit, was a spectacular bonfire of genius, failed entirely to illuminate the night into which I had been plunged. 'Hatter's Castle,' of course . . . is great.

But how great? Is Mr. Cronin a star or a torch? Will he illuminate the shades of the future, or will he only cast a bright glare on the eager, hungry faces of to-day?

And now we come to the Grand Climacteric, which unfortunately corresponded with my first association with this Review. I had the ill-luck to be laid low with influenza when 'The Forge' appeared . . . and was unable to pay any tribute to this moving and beautifully coloured novel.

But the other three! 'Red Ike' was not so well written as 'The Young Visitors.' For a literary society to choose 'Humour and Fantasy' as the best book of the month astonished me as much as if a Play Society had sent its members to 'Charley's Aunt.' And the memory of 'Early Closing' is too painfully fresh to bear any more discussion.

Well, all that is a thing of the past. Adding it up I find that out of seventeen books, the Book Society has given me three masterpieces, seven very good books, three duds and four very bad books. Perhaps it is not a bad average, especially since I could always have changed the duds for some of the other recommendations. Besides, the average of good books is now increased by the admirable choice of Mr. Arthur Bryant's 'Charles II' as the November book.

I have spent so much time talking about the other books that there is barely space to mention 'Charles II,' beyond saying that it is a work of first-rate distinction. It is a portrait painted by an artist who loved his sitter, yet the drawing is as true as it is delicate, the colours as accurate as they are glowing, and the background is as pretty a perspective of England under the Restoration as you could desire. Moreover, the whole chronicle is as exciting as any novel.

Finally, may I ask one question, for future information? If the members of the Book Society ever again find themselves in the unfortunate dilemma of having nothing fit to recommend, must they stick to the hide-bound rule which forbids them to recommend books by their own members?

It seems ridiculous, to put it mildly, that an inferior work such as 'Early Closing' should be sponsored before Mr. Walpole's 'Judith Paris' (which should crown him King of English Letters, even if his other achievements were forgotten). It makes me angry to see little books boomed when many people have still to read 'The Babyons' . . . that strange and lovely incantation. There is more wit in a single essay by Miss Lynd than in a whole fleet of Anstey omnibuses . . . and as for Mr. Priestley. But then . . . everybody does read Mr. Priestley. Which is one of the few encouraging tendencies of Modern England.

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

SHOULD DIVORCE BE EASIER?

BY LADY WAECHTER OF CHIDDINGFOLD

IN the marriage ceremony no mention is made of possible divorce. Each party solemnly swears to take the other "for better or worse, till death us do part." In practice this has never held good. Some device has always been found to circumvent the difficulty. But there are strict limitations even to these devices. Must the only grounds for divorce always remain adultery, with cruelty, or with desertion for more than two years? No, divorce should be made easier.

A man or woman should be able without undue formality to be rid of the deserter whose infidelity cannot be proved, the drunkard, the dope fiend, the criminal, the cruel partner, or the maniac, and when all other remedies have failed, be separated finally from one antagonistic in tastes, interests and ideals, with the right of contracting a fresh, legal union.

Judicial separation is no cure for any of these cases. Sooner or later one or both of the parties may meet with an individual who approaches nearer to the ideal, and, prevented by an indissoluble marriage tie from legalizing the new union, extra-matrimonial relations may very likely result—a far worse alternative than divorce and remarriage.

It is often argued that the presence of children should negative all desire for divorce, and that for the sake of the little ones parents should somehow contrive to live together. But constant antagonism between their parents is very bad for the children, and makes life a misery for all. It would be far better to seek divorce and make one of the parents responsible for their welfare. The family exists for individuals, not individuals for the family, and where one individual no longer fits, he or she must leave the fold, for "a house divided against itself" cannot stand.

Easier divorce should be available for all classes of the community. In spite of special arrangements for poor persons, the law at present operates in favour of the rich. This is unjust. Even if proceedings were made cheaper, unless desertion is made a ground for divorce, the poor plaintiff will not be able to afford the cost of getting proof of adultery.

Wilful desertion for three years ought to be a ground for divorce. It is absurd to say that the act of an hour is more fatal to marriage than abandonment which is accompanied by adultery in nearly every case, though legal proof might be difficult and expensive to obtain. I know of one poor woman whose husband drew his pay and annual bonus one Friday evening, and failed to go home. For more than three years he has written her brief, non-committal letters from different parts of the country. With great difficulty the woman, after much expense, traced him and ultimately obtained a modicum of support at irregular intervals. But the main point is that although this man has completely failed to fulfil the marriage contract, she cannot divorce him, nor can she legally live with the man she now loves, and who is willing and anxious to marry her.

Why should a man or woman be tied for life to a hopeless drunkard, or a drug addict? Of what use in such cases is a judicial separation? Better far to sever the tie completely, and allow the injured party to make something of what still remains of life.

The habitual criminal has no right to expect his wife to remain for ever faithful to him. Give her her freedom, if the man is too depraved to keep his. A long term of imprisonment, or a remitted death sentence means that none of the conditions of marriage is being fulfilled, and the family is broken up, with the stigma

BY SIR MICHAEL D. BRUCE

IF we do not regard divorce from the old-fashioned viewpoint, it is not because the majority of people believe that the ancient moral code is effete, but rather that it has so proved itself that its arguments have become almost banal, and the modern generation would prefer to consider this problem in a new light. Remembering then that our present legal condition, which is based more or less consistently on that moral code, has served with rough justice so far, we ask: Has that state of civilization now been reached when divorce should be made easier?

Everyone will agree that at present the State needs stability more than anything, and that all new legislation should have a deliberately stabilizing effect. The State is based on the family, and anything which weakens the strength of family unity is deliberately weakening the State. This argument was used with some force by those who dissented from free State education, and it is always used when, for benevolent reasons, the State attempts to interfere between parents and children. While it is agreed that there are times when it is well for the State to supersede the parent, it is also acknowledged that a certain danger lies in its doing so. When the family is recognized as the State's greatest asset, and family-reared citizens are regarded as being of greater national value than institutional products, then only will it be realized that too easy divorce will weaken the stability of the State.

Another argument against easy divorce lies in the fact that it must inevitably result in small families. Men and women who look upon marriage as a mere transitory relationship will most certainly not desire to incur the responsibility of children. Parents of the most undesirable type will not pause to think on these lines, but easy divorce will mean limitation of the nation's most valuable family life.

The country, however, needs not only stability, but strength. Although it is now the fashion to belittle the great Victorian era of industrialism, there is no denying that it was a period of virility and power, and perhaps its strength lay greatly in the fact that although the worker of those days suffered many hardships, it was a law-abiding time. A period of licence is always one of weakness, and there is real danger in an over-sentimental regard for the hardships of the individual. Justice is necessarily rough and ready, and we must brace ourselves up to the fact that there will inevitably be hardships under any rule.

Sentimentalism is a weakness, and though no one wishes that individual suffering should accrue from any law, yet we all recognize that there are instances where this cannot be prevented. Every law has its victims—laws which deal with property and are approved of in the main, nevertheless occasionally penalize exceptional cases. In the same way, the present divorce laws no doubt prove hard in individual and exceptional cases, but for these we cannot afford to sacrifice a general principle which works well. Easy laws mean a weakening of the moral tone of the individual, and therefore of the nation. There is, in addition, a real danger that we shall so dread injuring the unit that we shall be prepared to relax national discipline.

Without justice no country can prosper, and where the divorce laws of this land can be proved to act unjustly, they cannot be upheld. For instance, the poor man should not be penalized by his poverty from obtaining the same redress in the divorce court that a rich man has, but this is more a financial matter than

of gaol clinging to mother and children. Give them their freedom.

Divorce should be granted when either wife or husband is convicted of habitual cruelty that affects the other physically or mentally. At present a man must be found in adultery before his wife can seek a divorce; he can mentally torture her for years, yet remain immune. I know such a fiend who has ample means, his wife has none and the man keeps her woe-fully short. Her parents are dead, and she has no friends sufficiently interested to take her in. From morning to night her husband torments her, cunningly, cruelly, and her only escape is to run away. She has done this three times, and crept back when the money obtained by pawning a few personal belongings has given out. She has twice obtained work as governess companion, but her husband has set private detectives on her trail, and when he found her has written to her employers insisting on her release. What love and joy is there in a union like that?

Insanity continuing for a long time should be made a ground for divorce. A large number of cases are incurable, and will probably remain so. Marriages such as these, where the maniac is allowed to live at home, may and do result in the birth of insane children. There are enough mental deficients in this country without tempting Providence further. Speedy divorce would do a lot towards making an A1 nation, and emptying our overcrowded asylums.

Our present system of divorce is uncivilized, mentally and morally degrading, and rapidly bringing marriage into contempt. We have a lot to learn from other nations in this respect; take for example the Dutch or the Buddhists. I do not advocate such free and easy methods as obtain in certain States of America, but I have endeavoured to show that more humane ideas are wanted. The ultimate basis of divorce should be the desire of either party finally to separate where there is a definite and prolonged antagonism in tastes, interests and ideals. By all means let there be some delay between application and the decree, and a suitable delay before remarriage, but let divorce be easier, and available to rich and poor alike.

Several correspondents have complained that the arguments in this series have been too brief, and that in the case of a complicated controversial subject, one side or the other has been at a disadvantage in stating the case.

We recognize—and regret—the justice of the objection. But the complaint is in effect a plea that the Argument Page should be more than a page; and although in the above instance we have devoted more than the usual two columns to the subject of the week, we must frankly confess that the eternal laws of space, which some philosophers regard as limiting the size of the cosmos itself, are often too much for editors, printers, and contributors.—ED.

"GOD REST YOU MERRY . . ."

BY BURTON DAVIS

THE choir is singing.

The boy puts his mind to the task of waking up. The warm, blue depths of sleep are so hard to climb out of when you can't find a place to plant your feet.

Thank the Lord it's Sunday morning and you don't have to turn out for a nine o'clock class. It must be past eleven, because the choir is singing lustily in the chapel across the street. Is it a nice day? If it is we'll knock out a little golf this afternoon.

He tries to raise himself on an elbow to read the auguries of the weather. He can't raise himself on his elbow. What the hell?

Must have dropped off to sleep again, because now the choir is singing a different tune. An old tune, a sweet tune. . . . 'Silent Night, Holy Night.' . . .

one which actually affects the question of easy divorce. It is one of the accepted first principles of government that laws are made for majorities, not for minorities. The greatest good of the greatest number is the simple basic rule by which we are supposed to be governed. If the present divorce laws are made easier, there is no doubt at all that certain worthy and innocent individuals will benefit, but on the other hand it is probable that the majority will suffer.

The first victims of easy divorce are the children of the marriage, for their position is much worse than that of orphans. Apart from the practical difficulties of their indefinite status, there are serious mental and moral problems facing them, and nationally we are not yet so materialistic as to pretend that the practical issue is all that matters.

Were divorce facilitated, many men might be victimized. Although women are rapidly becoming economically independent, the husband is still legally his wife's supporter. With easy divorce laws men might soon learn that they were the victims of unscrupulous women who saw in matrimony the way to a life pension with no obligations. Such a state of affairs is not unknown to-day, where legal separations are concerned, and many a man has married to find himself the victim of some dishonourable woman's cupidity.

Women, too, who loyally intend to make marriage their career, would be the victims of easy divorce. Even if they were not left destitute they would find themselves without that profession of wifedom that they had anticipated.

Justice is a matter of principle rather than of sentiment, and for that reason rigid justice often seems hard when applied to individual cases. But marriage failure is a less serious matter to-day than was once the case. At one time marriage was a woman's whole career. To-day if it fails her, she may turn back to her profession. The divorce laws which were not too stringent for our grandparents should surely not be too hard for us to-day, for we are more determinedly individualistic, and therefore better able to act on our own responsibility.

But that's a Christmas song. . . . What's the matter with the old throat? . . . Still asleep. . . . Wake up, you lazy. . . .

The choir has finished the anthem. Was that applause? Hand-clapping? It couldn't be, but it was. Somebody opening a window. Cold air on the face. Who the hell's in my room? Skeets?

"Skeets! Skeets!"

Funny, not being able to make a sound. Try again.

"Skeets! Skeets!"

This is one of those dreams when you think you're dead. Never had one before. Creepy.

The choir singing again. The same anthem. Everything is crazy! Imagine a choir singing an encore! Remember that to tell Skeets at breakfast. And the applause. Don't forget the applause. Well, you

haven't been to church in so long, perhaps the customs have changed.

Stille nacht . . .
Helige nacht . . .
Da, da, da . . .
Da, da, da . . .

Merciful Mike! They're singing it in German! That's a nutty one! Dreaming the choir sang 'Silent Night' in German and the congregation applauded. While the country's at war with Germany!

* * *

Wait a minute. If the country's at war with Germany, how can you be lying in bed in Harkridge Hall on Sunday morning, listening to the choir in the chapel. You must be in the army. You're in the army, now. Sure you are. Or did you dream that, too? The Somme, Verdun, up the Meuse, against Metz, the Armistice. . . . Impossible to have dreamed all that! . . . Sears getting killed, Quinn, Thurber. . . . Men killed, men wounded. . . . Why weren't you killed? . . . You were hit in the leg at Hamel. Not so bad. Remember the hospital? Look at your leg and see the scar where the shell ripped it. . . . Sit up and look at your leg!

Sit up! Sit up! Of course you can sit up, you fool! Well, you're not awake after all. Snap out of it! The damned choir again. Singing another German song. Singing it mighty well, too.

Turn your head. You can do that. Boy, what a pull! Imagine dreaming you're dead, and still you can move your head. Only it weighs a ton.

* * *

No curtains on the window; just a white shade. What became of the curtains? But, wait a minute, now. You're not at college. You're in the army, now. . . . You're not behind the plough. . . .

Hello! A lady? Lady up there, in a long dress. A nun! Way up in the air, looking at you through the window. Standing on a cloud. No, she's standing on the top of a tree.

"Good morning, Sister. What do you mean, standing on top of an elm tree looking into a gentleman's bedroom? I'll report you to the Mother Superior."

Something familiar about that woman. Looks like a saint. Looks like the Virgin Mary. . . . And smiling. Face all lighted up.

Maybe it is the Virgin Mary. Maybe you *are* dead. But how? That little dose of gas! You didn't even go to the hospital with that. What's a lungful of gas to a hard guy like you, Lieutenant? Nothing at all. Of course, it started the cough. . . . And the cough didn't get any better, did it? And the rain and the cold when you were slogging along up into Germany, back into Luxembourg. . . . It got worse, remember. . . . And you felt lousy and had fever and coughed all night. And you didn't get up this morning. That's it; you didn't get up this morning. But you will get up. In a minute. Feel fine.

All right, but how do you explain the Virgin Mary standing on top of the elm tree? No, it's an evergreen tree. A lot of evergreen trees. But she's smiling at you. Are you dreaming that, too?

And the choir? How do you explain the choir? How do you explain the choir singing German, when we're at war with Germany . . . and you're in the army now, you're in the army, now . . . ?

"Madame, will you be kind enough to tell me where I am?"

Maybe she's a French nun.

"Eh, bien. . . . Vous parlez française, peut-être? Ou est que je suis, maintenant, madame? S'il vous plaît. . . ."

That's good enough French for anybody to understand. Perhaps she's a Fraulein. How do you say it in German?

"Guten tag, Helige Fraulein. Ich weiss nicht wo Ich bin. Wollen sie. . . ."

Where's that German phrase book? It's in the bed roll. Where's the bed roll? Get up and find the bed roll. . . . Merciful Michael! Who put the nightshirt on you? Never wore a nightshirt in your life. . . . Now wait a minute. . . . Maybe you are in heaven. . . . Maybe this is your robe. . . . I got a robe . . . you got a robe. . . . All God's chillun got robes. . . . Walk all ober God's heaben. . . .

"Madame, am I in heaven or am I not? And if you are who I think you are, would you direct me to the Throne of Grace? I want to apologize. I haven't believed in heaven or hell since I was a freshman. Maybe I'm wrong. If I'm wrong I'm man enough to admit it. . . . All right, Lieutenant. . . . Snap out of it. . . . Out the window you must go. . . . Walk right up and ask her. Walk all over God's heaven. . . . Ever'body talk about heaben ain't gwine there. . . . Heaven. . . . Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne. . . . Allez—oop!

* * *

The young nurse came round the white cloth screen that shut away the end bed from the rest of the room. In passing she picked the chart off the hook on the foot piece. This, she was thinking, was a hell of a way to spend Christmas. Three deaths in her ward since morning; at least pneumonias died quietly, and they weren't mangled or gangrened or in pain.

That bunch of boys were singing again, under the window. Choir boys, they said, from some church, who came around singing carols last night, and got so many coins, so much chocolate, so much precious soap thrown down to them, that they had come back this morning for more. Two out of three times they sang 'Silent Night, Holy Night,' like Schumann-Heink on the phonograph at home. A beautiful old song, and they sang it like angels, but it was getting on her nerves. They had no overcoats, no warm clothes, they looked so thin and white, so red-nosed and red-eared against the powdery snow down on the street in that bitter wind. Little scarecrow angels singing for soap. No Santa Claus for them!

She glanced up through the window to where the statue of the Virgin stood on its tall column against the hillside. That frowning black cliff had seen armies come and armies go; they said Cæsar had crossed the Moselle here at Trier. Men had died in war here long before the Virgin was born. What could the Virgin do about war?

The Virgin looked sad. With the sunshine lighting her face at certain angles, you would swear she smiled. And no matter from which window of this German barracks you looked at the statue, the statue seemed to be looking at you. But the sun was under a cloud just now.

* * *

The nurse glanced down at the patient in the end bed. He seemed to be asleep, smiling. She laid her fingers on the wrist.

Presently she wrote on the record card:

"Died in coma 25/12/18, 10.15 a.m. Evac. Hosp. 12, Trier, Germany.

"K. E. O'Leary, A.N.C."

Opposite "Religion" on the chart there was no entry. She looked up at the Lady against the eternal hill.

"You'll be nice to him, anyway, won't you, Mother," she said.

* * *
Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain:

Germany at the Cross Roads, by Adolf Hitler.
The Changing World of Islam, by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah.

Contemporary Painters, by Adrian Bury.
Is Bimetallism a Sound Currency Policy?
An Argument; and a Short Story.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Hindle Wakes. Directed by Victor Saville. New Gallery.
End of the Rainbow. Directed by Max Reichman. Rialto.

MR. HOUGHTON'S famous play, a silent film version of which was made a year or two ago, has now been turned into a talking picture. Mr. Saville begins promisingly with some mill scenes, but after that the play takes charge, except where a false emphasis has been placed or new dialogue, not entirely in keeping with the original, has been added. Blackpool during the "Wakes" is the only other contribution to the purely cinematograph section of the picture, but the slice is too big and its interpolation clumsy.

The play has dated somewhat, but that would not matter so much if the camera were allowed to work smoothly and only such dialogue introduced as would serve to keep the story taut; instead, so much of Mr. Houghton is presented that when the author is not speaking the film lacks animation. Such a regrettable state of affairs is becoming usual, and 'Hobson's Choice,' which continues at the London Pavilion, is produced along the same lines. Since 'Hobson's Choice' was not so good a play as 'Hindle Wakes,' it follows by reason of these methods of direction that the film of the former is not so good as the latter.

The cast of 'Hindle Wakes,' with two exceptions, is completed by actors and actresses well known on the stage. Norman McKinnel, Sybil Thorndike, Edmund Gwenn, Mary Clare and A. G. Poulton are all in it, and such a galaxy of names in the theatre would ensure a fine performance, but their acting on the screen is uncertain and cannot be called better than competent. The other two parts, Hindle herself and her lover, are played by Belle Chrystal and John Stuart. The first-named is almost unknown, but her performance in this particular role is good, and the fact that she is at no disadvantage with the experienced artists, whom I have already mentioned, seems to me a little ominous. John Stuart, on the other hand, conveyed nothing to me of the character which he was supposed to be representing; he might have been one of thousands of young men bred in the South of England instead of the son of a self-made Lancashire millowner. There are many worse British films than this one, but it is a very ordinary production.

More interesting to me in some ways are the two short pictures which precede it; these are from 'How I Play Golf,' by Bobby Jones. This series of twelve has been admirably put together and I know many golfing enthusiasts who are rushing round wildly from one cinema to another, lest they should miss his words of wisdom. In the last picture a round of golf is played and the brassie shot, which Bobby Jones plays to the eighteenth green, is the most perfect performance I have yet seen on the green. After a flight of two hundred and fifty yards, the ball comes to rest a yard and a half from the pin from where he gets his "eagle."

Richard Tauber made such a phenomenal success a short time ago in 'The Land of Smiles,' that many who missed that operetta may be glad of an opportunity to hear his glorious voice. This they can do by going to the Rialto, where he is singing in a picture called 'End of the Rainbow.' The film is a German one and a knowledge of the language is necessary to follow the speech, but the story itself is very simple and can be readily understood by everyone. A round dozen songs have been allotted to Richard Tauber and he sings them all well, though the recording is somewhat harsh in places. The plot has been woven around his voice and it tells of a potboy who is the mainstay of the village choir until he is discovered by an impresario who puts him into opera; after his success he returns to the village to sing his blessing upon the marriage of his old sweetheart.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

The Queen's Husband. By Robert E. Sherwood. Ambassadors Theatre.
The Anatomist. By James Bridie. Westminster Theatre.
For the Love of Mike. By H. F. Maltby. Saville Theatre.

ERIC VIII, the diminutive and unassuming monarch of "an imaginary island situated in the North Sea, somewhere between Denmark and Scotland," is not so much the King as he is the hen-pecked husband of Queen Martha. In accordance with theatrical tradition, this husband diplomatically resigns himself to playing second fiddle till the moment comes for a dramatic assertion of his personal, and in this case also constitutional, authority.

This part of the play is an attempt by a satirical American dramatist to rationalize the old romantic conception of Royalty. Unfortunately, before the curtain has been up five minutes, it is perfectly obvious to an English audience (whatever it may have been to Mr. Sherwood's compatriots) that his "imaginary island" is situated neither in, nor anywhere near, the North Sea, but somewhere off the western shores of the Atlantic, and probably within "commuting" distance of New York. Mr. Sherwood seems to have argued thus: that kings and queens are only human, after all; that their domestic life is therefore presumably similar, in its essentials anyway, to that in other wealthy and distinguished families; and that if he portrays King Eric and Queen Martha as a pair of Social Registrars, he will probably not be very far from the Real Truth About Royalty. The result is a king and a queen so unmistakably middle-middle-class that one cannot conceive them as the reigning family of anywhere at all.

With English players in the roles of King Eric and Queen Martha, the American characterization is to some extent diluted. But not all Miss Grace Lane's dignity can raise the social status of the Queen above that of the acquisitive class; Mr. Barry Jones's King is the social inferior of Mr. Maudesley's private secretary; and Miss Barbara Wilcox does little to disguise the plebeian ancestry of Princess Anne. As a satire on royal domesticity, therefore, the play at the Ambassadors is not very much more credible than the popular romantic picture it sets out to rationalize. So also with regard to the political imbroglio, with its military dictatorship, its proletarian leaders, its revolution, and its intervention by the king as peacemaker—in other words, the plot of the comedy and the illustrative details with which its author seeks to show us both the impotence and the responsibilities of Majesty—it is perfectly obvious that Mr. Sherwood is inadequately equipped to play the part of political satirist.

I have felt it my duty to emphasize the failure of this play as satire, because satire seemed to me to be its author's primary intention. But don't let that dissuade you from a visit to the Ambassadors. Regarded as a comedy with delightful, if incredible, Royal Personages as its protagonists, 'The Queen's Husband' is a first-rate entertainment. And that, I assure you, is exactly how you will regard it, thanks to Mr. Sherwood's lively and inventive humour. Throughout the play the most incredible things happen in a delightfully natural way, and one's laughter is never checked by any solemn thought that no king "would ever do a thing like that!"

There is, however, one brief passage in the play which, though in its facts the most incredible of all, is yet the most convincing in its implications. This is the scene where Princess Anne first meets the foreign princeling chosen by diplomacy to be her husband. Their marriage is to be announced as the customary Royal Romance. From the very first moment they detest one another and within five minutes they are

17 October 1931

telling one another so with perfect candour, yet with perfect courtesy! This is a delightful scene, played with admirable delicacy of touch by Mr. Maurice Colbourne and Miss Barbara Wilcox. Indeed, Mr. Colbourne's study of the princeling was the finest piece of acting in the play.

Not that Mr. Barry Jones was far behind; but the part demanded little more than ordinary technical skill to exploit the actor's very charming personality. Mr. Robert Maudesley confirmed the very favourable impression I derived from his performance in 'The Man in Possession'; Mr. Lambert Larking was entirely convincing as a favoured royal butler; and there were good character sketches by Mr. Reginald Bach and Mr. Paul Gill.

'For the Love of Mike' is an amusing farce, which would probably seem even more amusing in a less colossal theatre than the Saville. It is emphatically not a musical comedy, though three or four songs do—rather inappropriately—happen in the course of it. After a dull first act, the piece acquires, and retains till the end, a liveliness of irresponsible tomfoolery which more than compensates for what I can only describe as a brazen deficiency of plot. The spectacle of Mr. Bobby Howes and Mr. Arthur Riscoe burgling the safe which the latter is employed to guard, and the subsequent arrest by a village constable of all the guests at Mr. Richard Miller's week-end country-house party; these two incidents, which form the substance of Acts II and III, are so amusingly elaborated as to keep the audience continuously entertained. Miss Viola Tree and Miss Olga Lindo have little to do, but contrive to do that little most effectively; Mr. Drayton perfectly embodies Mr. Maltby's portrait of the vulgar, domineering Mr. Miller; and Mr. Syd Walker was a great deal more than merely adequate as the bewildered constable. I can recommend 'For the Love of Mike' as an excellent after-dinner entertainment; but I fancy its chances of success would be greatly increased by the addition of more Musical Numbers.

It is difficult not to fear lest Mr. Anmer Hall may have been unduly optimistic in opening his charming new Westminster Theatre with a play called 'The Anatomist.' Not that it isn't a most interesting play. It is; but I doubt if the average playgoer has more than a very vague idea what an anatomist is, and I fancy that that vague idea is of something quite repulsively depressing. Let me hasten to assure you that the Doctor Robert Knox, M.D., of Mr. Bridie's reconstruction is a finely theatrical figure, with a splendidly sardonic humour; that the Irish body-snatchers, Burke and Hare, are gloriously villainous, but also grimly comical; and that fully two-thirds of 'The Anatomist' take place in the cheerful and highly respectable drawing-room of the Misses Mary and Amelia Dishart. The result is a play which is not only entertaining, but on the whole far more amusing than depressing.

It is well worth seeing, not only for its own intrinsic drama; not only for its thoroughly convincing reproduction of life in Edinburgh in 1828; not only for its biographical sketch of an immensely interesting scientist; but for Mr. Ainley's remarkably fine performance in the title-role. His portrait of this great and complex personality is both terrifically robust and shrewdly subtle; and no lover of fine acting can afford to miss it. But there are several others who contribute admirable performances; for example, the Burke and Hare of those delightful Irish actors, Mr. J. A. O'Rourke and Mr. Harry Hutchinson; the drunken strumpet of Miss Flora Robson; and what seemed to me a remarkably clever, and most certainly a very charming, study of a shy and stammering young English student by Mr. Robert Eddison. In short, though Mr. Bridie's play may not be everybody's choice, I most strongly recommend it to the connoisseur. Only, I advise him (that is, you, I hope) to make haste about it.

CORRESPONDENCE

BIMETALLISM

SIR,—From 1803 to 1873 France had Bimetallism and maintained the parity of silver and gold at 15½ to 1 ratio, alone and unaided.

If Great Britain would adopt Bimetallism at once at 15½ to 1, as suggested by Sir Henri Dedderding, it would add \$350,000,000 of primary money annually to the world's money supply, and with silver then worth \$1.34 per ounce, silver standard countries with half the population of the world, instead of taking 10 per cent. or less of the world's exports, would take several times that amount, and the world would experience a great era of prosperity with no unemployment.

F. M. DENNIS

South Bound Brook, N. J.

FREEDOM FIRST.

SIR,—What the country wants when the National Government is returned to power is freedom to put its national house in order, and a little more freedom for the individual in this country. Let us start afresh all round. Get rid of many of the irksome restrictions on the personal liberty of the individual, so that we can all feel able to take a fresh and freer breath, so to speak, to meet the future. Do away with the remnants of Dora and her relations and satellites, and let there be a little less humbug in our private everyday lives, without being surrounded with restraints and regulations as to what we may or may not do in the way of living, amusement, eating and drinking. In short, let us get on with the job with a clean slate to start with.

JOHN A. PACE

Temple, E.C.4

'POETS AND POACHERS'

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Denwood's inciting article on 'Poets and Poachers' strangely omits one of the strongest poetical outbursts of the last century against the Game Laws. I refer to Charles Kingsley's picture of the Bad Squire in 'Yeast' and of:

A poacher's wife sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank.

In his 'New Forest Ballad' Kingsley wrote:

The forest laws were sharp and stern,
The forest blood was keen.

And it was in the New Forest in 1847 that Kingsley, whose grandfather had lived the life of the sporting gentry in Hampshire, pictured 'The Outlaw,' who declared:

I do but hunt God's cattle, upon God's ain hills;
For no man buys and sells the deer, and the bonnie
fells are free
To a belted knight with hawk on hand, and a gangrel
loon like me.

Carlyle and Kingsley both called poaching "hunting."

W. HENRY BROWN

Eversley, Heaton Mersey, Manchester

LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

SIR,—Your very interesting Review of Mr. G. W. Buckle's second volume of 'Queen Victoria's Letters'—I have not yet had the pleasure of reading the book itself—clearly shows that the Queen retained, even at that late period of her life, sufficient mental alertness and physical strength to enable her to grapple vigorously with difficulties arising, as she considered, from the presumption of foreign Governments, or the indiscretion of her Ministers.

This is the more remarkable as, nearly thirty years before the time (1891-1895) when these letters were

penned, the Queen apparently believed that she was in a rapidly declining state of health. In a letter to Dean Stanley, written in 1862, she speaks of herself as "failing in power, in memory—a wreck," and in another letter of about the same time, written to the Prince of Wales, she says: "It is an awful thing to bear a crown alone," as though she were feeling unequal to the task. At a later date, other people seem to have taken an equally serious, though happily equally mistaken view, for Mrs. Drew (Mary Gladstone as she then was) mentions in her diary for June 1875, that "Mrs. Wellesley, wife of the Dean of Windsor, said that the Queen would not live a year, as she showed signs of dropsy." Nevertheless, she "carried on" for a quarter of a century after this, outliving her first Prime Minister by more than fifty years.

WALTER CRICK

Eastbourne

' THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITAL '

SIR,—It is agreed by all that the ratio between the country's exports and imports must by some means be improved. One of the ways in which the trade of firms manufacturing exportable goods can be fostered is by the ample supply of credit. Credit is manufactured and distributed by the Bank of England and the Joint Stock Banks, but if inflation is to be avoided (on which point all parties are also agreed), the supply must necessarily be limited; for this reason credit must be granted only on the lines of a policy that is in the national interest, and at present no machinery exists to ensure that this is done.

To illustrate this point it might be good business for a Bank to make a loan, or to sponsor a public issue of Debentures, on the security of land for the purpose of building a new theatre; it would, however, certainly be against the country's interest that this should be done at present.

We have probably suffered in the past from an excess of Government committees, but surely there is necessity at the present time for the setting up of an authority which would agree on a policy to be adopted by all the Banks as to the allocation of credit; this authority would command the services of the best economists and would contain representatives of the Ministries of Health and Labour, Bank of England, Chambers of Commerce, Building Societies, and also of the Joint Stock Banks, who would agree to act in accordance with the policy agreed on.

It may be argued that such interference with trade is unwise and verges on Socialism; in times of crisis an emergency policy is necessary, and surely a National Government should take what is best from the policy of all parties.

M. FRANCIS WELLS

Travellers' Club

REBATE OF INCOME-TAX

SIR,—In the Emergency Budget, rebate of income-tax may be claimed in respect of Life Assurance premiums at half the standard rate.

Unfortunately in the present state of the law, holders of Life Insurance policies are unable to rely on recovering the rebates on Life Assurance premiums allowed under the annual "Finance Acts."

I have been insured for 50 years with the "London Assurance" and 40 years with the "Northern," but am unable to collect such rebates on account of my late employers, who pay me a pension, claiming the rebate.

A. S. GARFIT
(Late Secretary
Institute of London Underwriters)

Richmond

NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

- They Came to the Castle.* By Anthony Bertram. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
Which Way. By Theodora Benson. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
Wanton Ways. By Norah C. James. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.
Green Figs. By Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

THE Klersteins were so reduced in circumstances that they had to take in paying guests if their lovely Austrian castle were not to follow its richer contents into the market; and the paying guests came, the nicely but crudely wise Jewish couple of Oppenheimers, and the Babbages, "with the dust of North Oxford upon them," a modern novelist with a private grievance, a modern gigolo smuggled in by his sugar mammy, a trio of wealthy Americans all at cross purposes, and several dullish gentry. Mr. Bertram sketches each intruder in strong neat lines, nor is he afraid to romanticize the setting, the high-built castle itself, the ancient and gaga Graf, the last Graf von Klerstein, drifting at night with a candle to illuminate the pictures in the gallery, the strong-minded chatelaine who will sell everything but the castle itself, and her niece, the Contessa Anna Maria, who, if a little too insipidly the Scott heroine, or the jeune fille of French fiction, has still some personality. After reading a hundred pages of this I made up my mind that Mr. Bertram had become, as I had always expected him to become, one of the major novelists. His characters have something almost Tolstoyan in their bigness. If the Babbages, for example, are sneered at, kept for a time as grotesques splashed on the wall as a one-dimensional cartoon, they are before long allowed to show themselves as solid as Ivan Ilyitch. The stage then is set—and there is something theatrical about that high Schloss—for drama.

But Mr. Bertram does not realize our expectation. The place is all right, and the people all right, but nothing comes of it. Guests come and go, and most of them soliloquize, to the effect that he or she cannot mix. They do not mix, because Mr. Bertram has seen each as something static, not dynamic, and, moreover, has failed to allow for the sort of matiness that would link together for a time the inhabitants of Klersteinberg.

One of the contacts Mr. Bertram set himself to illustrate is that between Oppenheimer, the ultra-modern financier, and poor old Babbage, a classical tutor, cherishing an out-moded culture, and bitterly resentful of anything that disturbs his values. It is scarcely credible that the flying financier should look back over more than a decade and exclaim: "My God, Babbage, what the hell do you think you and your like would be without the younger generation? Your morality, your system, your precious whole structure of society, as you call it, got itself into the damnable muddle of the war, and the younger generation fought it for you, and you have the ingratitude and presumption to sit back and condemn that generation. I tell you, this is an age when old men should hide their heads for shame." Now Oppenheimer might secretly and properly be proud of the fact that he served as a private in the Great War. But to boast of it, to resurrect from the *Cambridge Review* old quarrels, is to stamp him as no modern at all, but as a man whose intellectual and emotional development was arrested in 1915 as poor old Babbage's was in 1896.

The other important contact between Bobby Spencer the gigolo, and the Contessa Anna Maria the jeune fille, is equally unsatisfactory. Bobby was just impossible. A Kipps, coming from the same class, but a

decent modest little fellow, might at least have engaged the attention of an Anna Maria. But who, whether she be the daughter of a thousand earls, Grafts, or the respectable daughter of a scavenger, could feel for Bobby after his confession beginning "I'm kept by an old lady. . . . I mean I'm a prostitute," anything warmer than pity, unless, of course, she were like Betty Kaye Tweed, a sheer sensationalist? Anna Maria's purity is supposed to have approached the ineffable. The contact, then, is unreal and so uninteresting, because the author has shrunk from placing them on a common plane. Now a Kippis and Anna Maria . . . or suppose Betty had wanted to buy up Bobby . . . then something might have happened.

And nothing does happen, except that Oppenheimer grows liberally sentimental about the fall of the house of Klerstein. Mr. Bertram might say that he meant nothing to happen, that the uneventfulness of what promised to be an eventful collision of personalities was just the point he was trying to make. Well, dodging can be made a fine art. I feel that Mr. Bertram is, with a skill that cannot be too highly praised, contenting himself with work of talent when he should be aspiring to work of genius.

The fact is that all our younger novelists are bewildered by the apparent collapse of the old ethics, and by their inability to establish a new. Miss Benson, whose clarity and humour are always delightful, suggests in 'Which Way' that all depends on circumstances. Claudia had three invitations for the same week-end. We are asked to trace the consequences of each, and left in doubt which she accepted, one leading to an unhappy affair with a married man, one to marriage mitigated by adultery, one to a soul-quenching comfort. It is all a matter of blind chance. "It seems funny it should be just blind chance." Which, of course, it would not be if Claudia had more personality than an automatic machine, delivering matches, butter-scotch or scent according to the slot in which the penny is put.

A year or two ago Miss James was burnt by the public hangman. Or, it may be, only her condemned novel was. I am uncertain about the law in these matters. Anyhow, she seems little the worse for carbonizing, and proceeds in 'Wanton Ways' to describe again a set of hard-drinking, sexually promiscuous youngsters. The supposed narrator, one Peter Dodd, is the best of the bunch, but his kindliness is ineffective, and his predisposition towards monogamy is explained by his love for his wife who has left him. "I thought in a flash that if she hadn't been so damned keen on brandy p'raps we might have smoothed things out between us." But if it had not been brandy . . . all beautiful and all damned, decent in intention, clumsy in execution, and I fear missing the thrill the bad boys and girls of the 'nineties got because they do not know whether they are being bad or just normal. Peter is sorry for his sister, buried in the country, waiting for someone to marry her, and for all the girls like his sister. "How could they remain normal healthy women when they couldn't live normal healthy sex lives?" But what is this norm? Being seduced in a saloon bar? 'Wanton Ways' is all just too tenuous because a sense of proportion, and aesthetic disgust, do not compensate for the absence of a well-deliberated ethic.

Miss Mannin will probably not feel flattered if she is compared with Ouida, but that can be only because she is too young to remember how good Ouida was. "Sir Robert Elmer, Bart., lying stretched out full length on the hide couch, one hand stirring the coffee on the table conveniently within reach, the other turning the pages of an illustrated French theatrical journal, murmured. . . ." Miss Mannin's stories of childhood are delicate. Her stories of maturity are less interesting. But she has the warm imagination of Ouida.

REVIEWS

AN OMNIBUS REVIEW

- The How & Why Series.* Edited by Gerald Bullett. Black. Vols. I to IV. 2s. 6d. each.
The Ark Library. Sheed and Ward. Vols. I and II. 3s. 6d. each.
Art in the Life of Mankind. By Allen W. Seaby. Vols. III and IV. Batsford. 5s. each. Illustrated.
The Grey Squirrel. By A. D. Middleton. Sidgwick and Jackson. 4s. 6d.
Julian the Apostate. By Charles Shupe. Lincoln Williams. 3s. 6d.

Why not? We have the motor-omnibus, the omnibus-book, the scarcely less onerous omnibus-word "Copec"; why should not THE SATURDAY follow with an Omnibus-review? Now, whatever the pound sterling may fly up to or down from, there is no diminution in the annual October-flight of new books (which are descending as thickly as the unthinnable pigeons of St. Paul's and of Trafalgar Square) upon the tables of Literary Editors. In the present muddle only writers, Editors, and publishers seem to realize calmly what is happening, to be instantly adaptable to the changed situation, to have ideas, to keep their initiative, to remain sane. Is it possible that these people alone have responded, with the promptitude of a reflex action, to the call of patriotism? In the ancient stronghold of sound sense and public spirit, to be found (undismayed) at 9 King Street, Covent Garden, we should be sorry to think so. Believing in ourselves, we are ready to believe in others, especially in those authors, series, and publishers of smaller books, which, in such an October as this present, unless we invent something new, are more certain than ever to be crowded out. Hence an Omnibus-review, in lieu of some three-line notices, to supplement the list of the Autumn Book number last week.

A series should be better known than its best-known volume, the title of a new book than any reviewer's word; and new, or less capitalized, publishers at least as well as any new book of average merit. All difficulties (except that of space) can be met by fairness plus intelligence. The Omnibus-review relieves, if it does not solve, the chief difficulties, for the added strain upon a reviewer is not (except by Editors) expected to count! In the 'How & Why' series, issued by Messrs. Black, a good title, good editing, pleasant type, the price of a bare half-crown, are worth knowing. Only the binding behind the gay dust-jacket looks no better than it is. Miss Rosalind Murray writes a book upon the Greeks. Perhaps following her famous father, whose preface has the modesty possible to scholarship alone, she almost omits one valuable argument in support of Greek studies. Like Professor Murray, she does not emphasize their *unlikeness* to ourselves, that they were the one (Rome being partly A.D.) European civilization, not Christian, of which we have virtually the full record—which therefore can thus provide us with a criticism not too like, with a difference not too alien, to measure ourselves. Without the Greeks we have, and can have, no detachment, no due perspective—let alone all the Greek qualities that we do admit to be peculiarly theirs. Otherwise: a good, lucid, informing, succinct answer. I know many, far longer, and very much worse. Mr. Martin Armstrong, poet and novelist, writes for the 'How & Why' series upon Art in 'The Paintbox'; Mr. T. A. Coward upon 'The Life of Birds'; Mr. C. E. M. Joad on 'The Story of Civilization.' Each deserves more room than I have for the lot; but, bating nice criticism, Mr. Gerald Bullett has chosen well. Mr. Coward's bird-book is illustrated,

an essential and unanticipated luxury here. Mr. Joad, I fancy, underestimates the parricidal nature of all machinery; but the series is very good indeed.

'The Ark Library,' published by Messrs. Sheed and Ward, has the inspiration of its title: a series designed to rescue from oblivion small, even perhaps immortal, works. Number two is Fr. Ronald Knox's critical examination of recent religious debates in the daily newspapers. An expert, who realizes that criticism without charity is corrupt, upon the inexpert, the hasty, is bound to be refreshing. Read and blush, for it may make you feel a fool; but not so very foolish as some of those who contributed to our (very un-Platonic) notion of a "symposium." This Caliban in Grub Street (to give Mr. Knox's title) has met another Browning; only, the late poet had to divine where the living divine, if that word is not peculiar to the Church of England, has analysed. The dissection seems to me to have been done beautifully; a flick of the scalpel and the nerve exposed, without unnecessary pain to the criticized. Everyone interested in saints (provided always that they be "modern," let us say!) should read the life-story of 'The Curé d'Ars,' carefully translated, and introduced (with a holy joy) by G. K. C. 'The Ark Library' should be watched carefully.

The two concluding volumes, on the Art and Influence of Greece and Rome, by Prof. Allen Seaby, are succinct, clear, illustrated pocket-guides. All Museum-bats (or would-be bats) will find them companionable to carry and to read, and (I have tested them) keepable for reference. They have only to be known. Mr. Middleton writes with expertness upon the grey squirrel. Though it will feed out of one's hand in Regent's Park, it has ousted the red, and has a rat-like capacity for multiplication. A plague is expected. Their invasion is explained. The moral (almost) is: feed on the grey squirrel rather than feed him. Mr. Charles Shope's play, 'Julian the Apostate' (Lincoln Williams), is not in verse; it has no Ibsen-like prevision of the "third empire," but it is honest and straightforward. The omnibus, full-up, stops.

OSBERT BURDETT

MAN-EATERS

A Book of Man-Eaters. By Brigadier-General R. G. Burton. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

AS General Burton points out in his introduction, wild beasts do not generally go about seeking whom they may devour; indeed "most animals, even lions, tigers, leopards, bears and wolves, avoid the presence of man, and retreat before his approach." As for the animals that charge, General Burton declares that although the rhinoceros has something of the impetus of a motor-car, he is much less dangerous. Nevertheless, among all the great carnivora there are always individuals who become man-eaters and take continual toll of human lives until they are hunted down and slain. These are the terror of the neighbourhoods they frequent. Wounded animals again can be exceedingly dangerous, and General Burton rightly maintains that the pursuit of a wounded tiger should never be abandoned, for such an animal becomes a danger to the countryside and will kill anyone who passes near it.

It is, then, with the great beasts of prey at their most dangerous that General Burton is here concerned, and from his own hunting journals and those of other big game hunters he has gathered story on story of encounters with man-eaters and wounded beasts which demonstrate alike the power of the great carnivora and the heroism of the native hunters. What story, for instance, could be finer than that of the Somali who, with his bare hands, dragged away the lion that

was mauling Lord Delamere, unless it be that of the Kaffir woman who straddled a lioness and, beating on its head with her hoe, forced it to drop her husband whom it was carrying off, or of the Indian surveyor who, when his assistant was seized by a tiger, beat it over the head with a paper weight until it was forced to let the man go.

Incidentally to his stories of man-eaters, General Burton has much to tell us of the habits of the carnivora, especially with regard to their attitude towards man. He is very doubtful, for instance, of fire as a safeguard, and is able to quote many cases in which fires have merely served to guide the man-eater to his prey. That many animals are cowed by the human eye he has no doubt, and the fact that so many attacks are made by animals that have not been seen supports his view. Writing of the courage of lions, he is inclined to accept the lion as the king of beasts, even though some hunters have described him as a skulking coward. It would seem, however, that there are few general rules save that man-eaters must be slain and that wounded beasts are always dangerous. General Burton concludes his book with descriptions and stories of pumas and jaguars, hyenas, wolves, crocodiles, alligators, serpents and sharks. The volume is well illustrated.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

The Church of To-morrow. By Kenneth Ingram. Allan. 6s.

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The opening chapters argue the case for Christian Theism with a freshness and a grasp of the problems involved which are remarkable and attractive. He is scrupulously fair to the sceptical position; so much so, indeed; that it may be said he does not make the most of the case for traditional Christianity in his brief study of the Gospels and Christian origins. What has become of St. Paul? And in spite of Robertson, and even Eisner, does not the late Professor Turner's article on 'Chronology' in Hastings's 'Dictionary of the Bible' still remain as convincing an historical testimony as anything ever really can be?

Mr. Ingram believes that the Christianity of the future will take in the main a Catholic form, though the League of Churches will include all types. Yet how far can Catholicism admit the possibility of rival systems and yet remain essentially Catholic? For Catholicism, as hitherto understood, has been authoritarian, having as its main object the safety of the institution and the dignity of its officers.

By an odd irony, the party to which Mr. Ingram is believed to belong would change the method of appointing bishops in the Church of England, so as to prevent a "scandal" like the appointment of Dr. Barnes to Birmingham! Yet, which bishop has shown a larger grasp of the social and scientific problems of the time?

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And it is impossible to forget that Mr. Ingram's liberal form of Catholic theology has been developed in a Protestant country. So his liberalizing of the theology of the Mass and of the devotions is bound to arouse some suspicion. Professor Trevelyan wrote, in his book on Wycliffe, that the power of the clergy is strongest with those people who believe in transubstantiation. Would Mr. Ingram allow that a Presbyterian praying sincerely before bread consecrated by his minister could derive the same benefit as a Catholic praying before a wafer consecrated by a Catholic priest? If so, we have reached an extremely important conclusion.

One curious point emerges. The author's æsthetic nature appreciates the connexion between Easter and daffodil time. Does this in any way limit Catholic experience to the Northern hemisphere?

S. TETLEY

THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER

Smith-Dorrien. By Brigadier-General C. Ballard. Constable. 15s.

THIS book supplements, with a good deal of fresh and valuable material, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's autobiography, and it is written very largely to defend its subject against the attacks of Lord French. The earlier chapters deal with the campaigns in which Smith-Dorrien was engaged in his young days, and they include extremely vivid descriptions both of the death of the Prince Imperial and of the Fashoda incident. The South African War and the Kitchener-Curzon controversy are also narrated in some detail, and, although the author has little new to say about any of these matters, the story which he has to tell shows that Smith-Dorrien was a capable soldier with a great deal of experience in diverse circumstances, a fact which he did well to establish before coming to the highly debatable subject of his hero's attitude at the beginning of the late war.

General Ballard wittily sums up the Cabinet in the early days of August, 1914, as follows:

Haldane had been for some years Secretary for War, and knew a great deal about the Army; Asquith had held that office for a few months and knew very little; Churchill had seen the Battle of Omdurman as a subaltern of cavalry, and thought he knew everything. The others were inclined to be rather proud of their ignorance; in order to maintain a reputation for pacifism they had abused everybody who even thought of making preparations for a big war; they decried discussions of such problems as tending to inflame the spirit of militarism.

Once the fighting began, the quarrel between Kitchener and French broke out, while Wilson, though siding with the latter, pursued an independent line of his own, and intrigued with the politicians on both sides of the Channel. It is, indeed, a most unedifying story that General Ballard has to tell of jealousy and suspicion among the nation's leaders at the supreme crisis of the nation's fate, and he maintains that Smith-Dorrien was sacrificed to French's dislike of Kitchener. The author by no means relies upon unsupported accusations, for he quotes chapter and verse for every charge that he brings, and, if anything, he rather understates the case against French during the Retreat from Mons.

It may be a pity that the controversy which went on for so long between G.H.Q. and Whitehall was ever brought to the public notice, but the evil, if it be evil, has long since been done, and in these circumstances it is of the utmost importance that we should know all the pros and cons. General Ballard's book throws light upon several aspects of the problem that have hitherto been shrouded in obscurity.

FROM AN EDITOR'S FILE

All in a Lifetime. By R. D. Blumenfeld. Benn. 8s. 6d.

IN this bright and agreeable little book Mr. Blumenfeld has given us a collection of his war-time articles and letters, followed by an interesting series of biographical notes and character sketches. The first half of the book is entitled 'What Did We Do in the Great War?' and is concerned with contemporary impressions of civilian behaviour during the war and with military and naval affairs as they appeared at the time. It is a curious medley of emotions that these jottings arouse—emotions compounded of pride and derision, grief and anger and exaltation. As a journalist Mr. Blumenfeld was naturally interested in the censorship, but, although he gives us many instances of how it worked, he hardly criticizes it at all, and the most he allows himself is to smile at the futility of some of the more absurd orders. The best of the papers in this section deal with the little matters of everyday life; the shortage of food and servants and clerks and office boys, the rising cost of wines and spirits, the darkened streets, the crowded theatres, the flow of gold to the States with a shrewd prophecy of existing monetary conditions dated November, 1916, and so on. There are, of course, more serious notes, but in the main it is the home front that engages our attention.

In the second half of the book the chronology sweeps backwards and forwards. There is a review of Fleet Street and all it stands and stood for, dated 1931, and near it a description of King George's Coronation in 1911. The personalities dealt with make a mixed bag. Mr. Selfridge and Lord Kitchener, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Lord Reading, Mr. Baldwin and Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Arthur Pearson and Sir Landon Ronald are included, and of them all Mr. Blumenfeld has something new and pleasant to tell us; pleasant, for there is nothing acid here, as a friend of the biographer complained when the MS. was submitted to him. On the whole, then, a kindly and cheerful little book by a man who has been at the centre of things in London for more than a quarter of a century.

CHRONIQUE SCANDALEUSE

Emperor and Mystic: The Life of Alexander I of Russia. By Francis Gribble. Nash and Grayson. 21s.

SON of the Mad Emperor Paul, to whose murder at the instigation of Counts Pahlen and Panin he may have been privy, Alexander probably inherited some streak of his father's disorder. In him, however, it developed slowly; he was happily free from the sadistic traits which made Paul a monster of cruelty. During the greater part of his reign Alexander pursued a steady policy of reform, though towards the end he became reactionary. Throughout the years, however, he exhibited a strain of instability, and it is this fundamental defect of character that Mr. Gribble stresses, as he follows the Emperor through the years of the Napoleonic struggle, to his death, if indeed it was his body they buried, in 1825.

Though he keeps touch with the great historic background of his period, Mr. Gribble is more concerned with Alexander the man and Tsar than with Alexander the international figure, and his book is rather the memoir of a Court than a footnote to the history of Europe. We see Alexander in relation to his wife and mistresses, his friend and advisers, and mainly in an atmosphere of more or less unpleasant gossip.

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Unsavoury scandal is never far off. Both Alexander and Elizabeth his wife appear to Mr. Gribble as "abnormal," and if his evidence is not conclusive, it is certainly suggestive. The book concludes with a long discussion of the legends that gathered round the death of the Tsar, especially the story that a substituted body was buried as his, and that he survived for years as the hermit Feodor Kusmitch. Mr. Gribble does not endorse this tale, but he maintains, with sufficient evidence, that the contradictory stories of the death justify the strongest suspicions that there was something to hide that was successfully hidden.

The book is entertaining rather than important. It is well illustrated.

SCIENCE AND THE WORLD

The Scientific World View. By W. K. Wallace. Simpkin Marshall. 15s.

MR. WALLACE has written an extremely significant book. Going on in our time and midst is the greatest intellectual revolution that has ever overtaken man; it is nothing less than a new outlook on life that is in the making. This new outlook Mr. Wallace calls the "scientific world view," and his book is an attempt to view it in all its aspects—moral, social, economic, and religious. The attempt has succeeded. Mr. Wallace is broad and deep; clear and comprehensive; admirably impartial yet always stimulating.

The most important chapters of the book deal with industrialism as a social factor in modern life; in which he traces the expansion of industrialism, the creation of a world economy as part of a broader outlook on life, and a new conception of world unity. "It is necessary for us to recognize," he says, "that the new interpretation of the universe is possible because a new economy has already developed." Science teaches new methods of adjustment and control, and shows the way to the better adaptation of means to ends. The watchword of the new world outlook is efficiency. This is the crux of the scientific spirit as applied to human affairs; the appeal is directly to "the one best way."

In the course of the book Mr. Wallace offers some remarks on man's economic relations that are peculiarly pertinent at the present time. "To-day the barriers of national States are hampering and restricting the development of a world economy which is technically possible. Economic activities have, during the past half-century, become international, and are seeking to break through the trade barriers of national States. We can here find an explanation of the drive towards imperialism and world power that led directly to the World War. In order that the new economy may flourish, the barriers of national States must in time disappear. National economy is being replaced by world economy; international trade agreements are already common, and an international point of view is more and more pervading the economic world."

This book should find its way into the hands of all bankers, industrialists, politicians and educationists; it should be read and pondered upon by every sane person.

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SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

LITERARY—LIV

A glance at the book pages of the Sunday Press will show that at least one masterpiece—usually a novel—is discovered a week. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a prize of Two Guineas for the best parody of a publisher splash advertisement for such a masterpiece, complete with publisher's commendation, extracts from signed reviews, etc. The novel chosen may be a classic, a novel of recent fame, or a fictitious novel. Actual publishers and reviewers may compete, but the publisher and reviewers mentioned must bear fictitious names.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent number.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, November 2, and the result will be announced later in that month.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXXIII

Our offer of rewards for the best lists of fifty books by women drew many ingenious entries and revealed much diversity of opinion. While Olicana made more than half her selections from authors of the present century, Old Trident named only one contemporary. Eucalypt displayed nice taste in fiction, and Roving Reader showed good knowledge of English letters, but the range of both these competitors was somewhat limited. Pastesque, though more Catholic, forgot Sappho and the Saints. Redwyn compiled an interesting catalogue, but spoiled it by introduction of Mrs. Markham's 'History' and at least one third-rate novel. Nobody seemed aware of Harnack's theory that Priscilla wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. Dusan, however, scored by remembering Samuel Butler's attribution of the Odyssey to a woman. Anchusa's claim to have the 'Magnificat' counted as a book cannot, I fear, be admitted. Blue-Black wins first prize with a list which covers many countries and all ages, and includes several important works neglected by more strictly literary critics. Beulah, rather more insular in his choice, takes second place.

FIRST PRIZE

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Austen, J. | - - - | 'Pride and Prejudice.' |
| 2. Bashkirtseff, M. | - - - | 'Journal.' |
| 3. Beecher Stowe, H. | - - - | 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' |
| 4. Beeton, J. | - - - | 'Cookery Book.' |
| 5. Behn, A. | - - - | 'Plays.' |
| 6. Benson, S. | - - - | 'The Little World.' |
| 7. Brontë, C. | - - - | 'Jane Eyre.' |
| 8. Brontë, E. | - - - | 'Wuthering Heights.' |
| 9. Browning, E. B. | - - - | 'Poems.' |
| 10. Burney, F. | - - - | 'Evelina.' |
| 11. Caballero, F. | - - - | 'La Gaviota.' |
| 12. Catherine of Siena, St. | - - - | 'Dialogo.' |
| 13. Cecil, Lady G. | - - - | 'Life of Lord Salisbury.' |
| 14. Charrière, I. de | - - - | 'Caliste.' |
| 15. Colette | - - - | 'Claudine.' |
| 16. Comnena, A. | - - - | 'Alexiade.' |
| 17. Curie, S. | - - - | 'Substances Radioactives.' |
| 18. Desbordes-Valmore | - - - | 'Elégies.' |
| 19. Eddy, M. B. | - - - | 'Science and Health.' |
| 20. Eliot, G. | - - - | 'Adam Bede.' |
| 21. Forbes, R. | - - - | 'Secret of the Sahara.' |
| 22. Gaskell, E. C. | - - - | 'Cranford.' |
| 23. Green, A. S. | - - - | 'Making of Ireland.' |
| 24. Gyp | - - - | 'Le Cœur d'Ariane.' |
| 25. Julian of Norwich, Lady | - - - | 'Revelations of Divine Love.' |
| 26. Lagerlof, S. | - - - | 'Gosta Berling's Saga.' |
| 27. Macaulay, R. | - - - | 'Keeping up Appearances.' |
| 28. Mansfield, K. | - - - | 'The Garden Party.' |
| 29. Marguerite de Navarre | - - - | 'Heptameron.' |
| 30. Meynell, A. | - - - | 'Poems.' |
| 31. Noailles, A. de | - - - | 'Les Eblouissements.' |
| 32. Pardo Bazan, E. | - - - | 'La Madre Natureleza.' |
| 33. Rossetti, C. | - - - | 'Poems.' |
| 34. Sand, G. | - - - | 'Indiana.' |
| 35. Sappho | - - - | 'Odes.' |
| 36. Scudéry, M. de | - - - | 'Grand Cyrus.' |
| 37. Schreiner, O. | - - - | 'Story of a South African Farm.' |
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| 39. Sévigné, de | - - - | 'Lettres.' |
| 40. Shelley, M. | - - - | 'Frankenstein.' |
| 41. Sitwell, E. | - - - | 'Alexander Pope.' |
| 42. Staël, de | - - - | 'Traité des Passions.' |
| 43. Stampa, G. | - - - | 'Rime.' |
| 44. Stopes, M. | - - - | 'Married Love.' |
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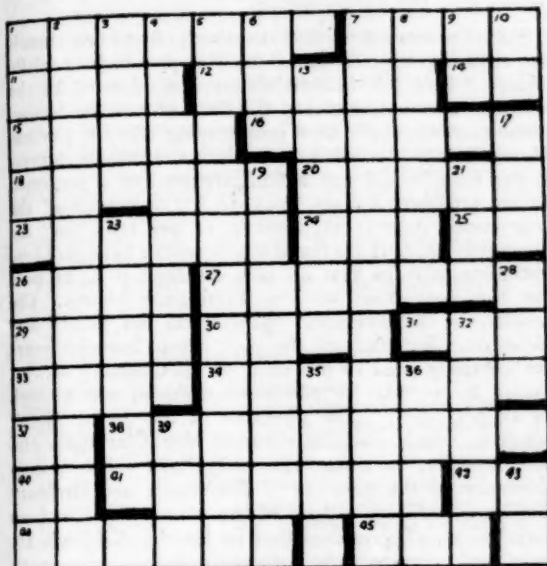
BLUE-BLACK

CROSS WORD—XXXVIII

DIVINATIONS "DE-MANCIFIED"

By MOPO

KEY.—With seven Arrows in your Hand
Pursue the Shoulder-blade in Dreams;
From the Fire the Ashes take,
And Queries of the Dead Man make.



CLUES

1a, 7a, 11, 12, 22, 1d., and 13. Divinations lacking "mancy."

Across.

- 14 & 25. Give a penny for a modern dainty.
15. Odoriferous. 16. Cupola. 18. Microscopic sea-weed.
20. I was a Jewish Christian outside the Church with 31.
24. I am happy.
26. A god becomes 15 when turned round in front of Rose.
27. Sub these for sometime death-traps.
29. Worthless. 30. A blind 20. 31. See 20.
33. Be me Satan? 34. Hamlet was said to be this of question.
37. See 28. 38. I separate cotton-seeds from the fibre.
40. See 28. 41. Patella. 42. See 36.
44. Embers from a carriage. 45. Go out of time.

Down.

2. Circular but solid.
3. Give me a reason for a limit (hidden).
4. Structures that span rivers are this.
5. Caliban begged to be this.
6. Delay. 7. Immense. 8. Aerial.
9 and 10. "O, the blood more stirs to rouse a — than —."
17. Gentle upward bend in timber.
19. Chemosh was our god.
21. Turkish weight starts correctly but ends in English.
23. Not the "Cock o' th' North," but a young hen.
26. Black tea.
28. Made myself snug (after 37 rev.) in a chair (before 40 rev.).
32. Old jokes are this. 35. A biblical wood before 43.
36. A brother's son is this before 42.
39. Time when summer shadows are shortest. 43. See 35.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD 37

Solution.—Across: Gastromancy, Emanated, The, Love, Lire, Ha, Overworn, And, Tetrasyll, Cr, Outlying, Eep, Melos, Thorai, Eric, Cy, To, By, Tick, Fiddle, Evil, Bos, Are, Rtear, Dance.
Down: Gelotometer, Amove, Uerivt, Save, Ttl, Icic, Tner, Rlock, Le, Always, Cuba, Otiosity, For, Merry, Htis, Aden, Good, Aa, Thaler, Od, Rn, Chance, Able, Yead, Rp, Lye, Re.
Quotation from W. B. Yeats, 'The Fiddler of Dooney.'

NOTES

Across.—14, 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' III, 1; 17, 'In Memoriam,' I, 4; 24, Burns, 'Halloween,' l. 228; 47, i.e., "Carter."

Down.—34 and 42, 'Twelfth Night,' III, 2.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD 37

The winner is Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Margate, who has chosen for her prize 'The Spider's Palace,' by Richard Hughes (Chatto and Windus, 6s.).

(Continued on page 509)

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CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday

ALTHOUGH the great problems of the world economic crisis still give ample cause for anxiety, the City is keeping a good heart and facing the future with increasing confidence. Investors in growing numbers are giving expression to this confidence by the cautious buying that I advised three weeks ago. The rise in prices of many securities is, it is true, out of proportion to the volume of buying, but that is due, mainly, to the fact that many markets were denuded of stock. Now that confidence is being restored and despondency is giving place to hope, existing holders of securities are naturally inclined to hold out for higher prices.

BULLS BUT NO BEARS

The restriction of dealing to transactions for immediate settlement also tends to accentuate the effect of buying orders on prices. The temporary Stock Exchange regulations have the effect of definitely prohibiting bear selling. A seller must deliver his stock immediately. There are thus no speculators for the fall, unless an actual holder of stock who sells in the hope of buying back at a lower price can be so regarded. On the other hand, there can be speculative buying, either with money borrowed outside the Stock Exchange, not necessarily on the security of stocks and shares, or with money which the speculator has on deposit. Thus there may be a large volume of bull speculation without any bears. The bears are often held up as a curse, but they are, nevertheless, often a useful safeguard.

HIGH INDUSTRIAL HOPES

Industrial ordinary shares have still been well to the fore in the advance in prices, and some of the leading shares in the textile and coal and steel groups now stand at about double the lowest quotations to which they dropped earlier in the year. Home railway stocks, too, have enjoyed substantial rises. These movements can be justified only by a great recovery in trade. So far the signs of recovery are necessarily slight, because the first effect of some of the remedial measures is to hamper trade, and it may be that hopes are running a little too high. There is certainly good reason to believe that under a National Government the financial sins of the past may be avoided, but investors who are expecting an early "boom" in trade would be well advised to walk warily. However, the rise in industrial securities is welcome enough. It puts a new complexion on the balance-sheets of all holders of securities, whether as individual investors or as shareholders in investment trusts and other financial concerns.

THE STATISTICS

The latest Board of Trade returns of our Over-seas trade, far from showing an improvement, display a still further increase in the adverse trade balance. These returns are made up normally to the end of September, and even if they included the actual imports and exports of that month, they could scarcely reflect so soon the effects of the abandonment of the gold standard. Moreover, imports were, doubtless, increased by the anticipation of tariffs. As to other trade statistics, the latest railway traffic returns did not bear such a woebegone appearance, and the Prime Minister

has forecast an immediate improvement in the employment returns at a time when employment is usually reduced by seasonal factors. The £ sterling, another barometer of our economic weather, is maintaining a praiseworthy steadiness at about 16s. These are all elements in the restoration of confidence.

HOTELS AND THE CRISIS

Further reminders that London's first-class hotels are suffering severely from the slump, which specially affects "luxury" establishments, are afforded by the dividend announcements of the Carlton and the Savoy. Some market people were prophesying that the Carlton Hotel, Limited, which also holds a controlling interest in the Ritz, would pay a final dividend of 5 per cent. on its Ordinary shares, making 8 per cent. for the year ended August 31, against 12 per cent. for the preceding year. It is, therefore, a severe blow to those optimists to learn that no final dividend is to be paid for the year even on the Preference shares. The results, in the directors' opinion, do not justify any payment. For each of the past seven financial years the company paid 12 per cent. on its Ordinary shares, except for 1928-9, for which the dividend was as high as 15 per cent. The directors of the Savoy Hotel, Limited, which owns or controls also Claridge's and the Berkeley, announce that they have deferred consideration of the payment of Preference and Ordinary dividends until the results of the year 1931 have been ascertained. This means that no interim dividends are being paid, even on the Preference shares. For many years past the Ordinary shares have received a distribution of 10 per cent. or 12 per cent.

INSURANCE INVESTMENTS

Insurance shares have been creeping up by fractions, and their chances of further appreciation make them a fit subject for investigation by farseeing investors. The leading shares are still well below the highest prices of the year. The companies stand to gain in many ways from a trade recovery. Better trade reduces claims by diminishing the moral hazard, and it increases the money volume of insurance business by creating more goods and property to be insured and by raising values. Our well-managed and cautious insurance offices are in a good position to take advantage of better conditions. Moreover, the bitter experience of those who formed new insurance companies just after the war reduces the probability of the older offices being hit by increased competition.

INCREASING RETURNS

Like the big banks, the leading insurance companies, with a few minor setbacks, have given investors steadily increasing returns on their capital, and there seems no reason to suppose that this process will not continue. For the time being the companies are naturally adopting a cautious policy in their dividend distributions. The Royal Exchange Assurance, for instance, is paying, on November 6, an interim dividend of 10 per cent., the same as a year ago, although at the meeting last April the Governor said that "unless anything unforeseen happened," the directors proposed to diminish the discrepancy between the interim and final dividends by increasing the one and reducing the other. It is scarcely surprising that in the present circumstances this proposal is not yet being carried out.

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(Continued from page 507)

ACROSTIC—498

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, October 22)

FAMED SONG AND PSALMS BY HEBREW SON AND FATHER.
THIS HINTS ENOUGH?—I HEAR YOU MURMUR "RATHER!"

1. A western county must be shorn in two.
2. Use me, and you may get a clearer view.
3. Heart of French fowl which news-purveyors hatch.
4. One of these days, we hope, she'll meet her match.
5. Came to the top. "The cream, then?" O dear no!
6. On wizard's errands he was wont to go.
7. With guns or voices this salute is given.
8. Frequent: let half a score from it be riven.
9. Confined: in me the widow's coin behold.
10. Core of what's worn to keep away the cold.
11. From Russian citizen lop letters three.
12. Curtail what's proper to the deep deep sea.
13. Many are good at borrowing and owing;
Who's good at this, he is a man worth knowing.

Solution of Acrostic No. 496

ma	le	Factor	1	Serpent-poison.
meN		Ace	2	Leno, a thin linen like muslin. Dan
maG	i	C		Leno was a popular comedian.
Echidnin	E	1	3	"The Darwaysh's ragged coat not un-
L en	O	2		frequently covers the cut-throat, and,
O o	F			if seized in the society of such a
F ulfilmen	T			'brother,' you may reluctantly become
D ervis	H	3		his companion under the stick or at
Elu cid	atE			the stake. For be it known, Dar-
A l	Fred			wayshes are of two orders, the Sharai,
T o-d	O			or those who conform to religion, and
H abitabl	E			the Bi-Sharai, or Luti, whose practices

are hinted at by their own tradition that 'he we daurna name' once joined them for a week, but at the end of that time left them in dismay and returned to whence he came." Burton's 'Pilgrimage to Al Madinah and Meccah,' chap. i.

ACROSTIC No. 498.—The winner is "Sisyphus," Mr. Andrew Ken, 28, Bishopsgate, E.C., who has selected as his prize 'The Austrian Tyrol,' by Ian F. D. Morrow, published by Faber and Faber, and reviewed by us on October 3. One other competitor named this book, twenty chose 'Birds of the Seashore,' sixteen 'Everyman Remembers,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, C. C. J., Bertram R. Carter, Clam, Maud Crowther, Doric, E. J. Fincham, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Gay, T. Hartland, Junius, Madge, Martha, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Peter, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, St. Ives, Tyro.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, E. Barrett, Boote, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Estela, Farsdon, Iago, Jeff, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Misty, H. M. Vaughan, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—E. H. Coles, Mrs. Curry, Lilian, Mrs. Milne, Rabbits, Robinsky, Shrub, Thatcham, Mrs. Mouldale Williams. All others more.

Light 4 baffled 17 solvers; Light 11, 6; Light 7, 5; Light 2, 4; Light 12, 2; Lights 1 and 5, 1.

ALL.—For Light 5 you put Rialto instead of Exchange.

ACROSTIC No. 495.—ALSO CORRECT: Abeille, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Carlton, Miss Carter, Clam, Falcon, Farsdon, E. J. Fincham, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Gay, Junius, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Peter, Robinsky, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Shrub, St. Ives, E. B. C. Thornett, Tyro, A. E., Alphin, E. Barrett.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, Barberry, Belvoir, Boote, Bertram R. Carter, E. H. Coles, Maud Crowther, D. L., Edie, Estela, Jeff, Madge, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, F. M. Petty, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bimbo, Charles G. Box, C. C. J., Doric, Lilian, Misty, Rabbits, Rho Kappa, Stucco, F. B. Urquhart, Mrs. Mouldale Williams, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

Light 12 baffled 25 solvers; Light 11, 132; Light 9, 6; Light 6, 4.

ACROSTIC No. 494.—One Light Wrong: Cyril E. Ford.

ACROSTIC No. 493.—Correct: Mrs. Milne.

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